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THE FIRST BRITISH SUBMARINE TO RECEIVE A NAME: H.M.S. "OBERON," LATELY LAUNCHED AT CHATHAM.

The "Oberon," which is the first British submarine to bear a name, instead of a class letter with a number, was "christened" at Chatham, on September 23, by Mrs. Beaty-Pownall, wife of the Admiral-Superintendent of the Dockyard. Owing to a rapid rise of the tide, which made it impossible to remove the last two building blocks so as to release the vessel, the launch was postponed

to the following day. The "Oberon" is the first of her class, and embodies all the latest developments. She was laid down at Chatham in March 1924, after the construction of "X 1," the largest existing submarine in the world, and was at first known as the "O 1." She was designed by Sir E. H. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, and was estimated to cost some £590,500.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONCE when I was walking about in the beautiful city of Bath, I fell into a vein of meditation not concerned with any of the antiquities of the place, as such things are counted in a guide-book. My reflections, though profound and philosophical, were not concerned with the Bath of Bath, which recalls the Roman foundation of Britain. They were not concerned with the Abbey of Bath, which recalls the Middle Ages; nor with the Pump-Room or Assembly-Room, which recall the stately frivolity of the eighteenth century. I was not even thinking of that noble theme, the Wife of Bath, a mediæval monument which seems almost more gigantic than an abbey.

If anyone really wants to know why some of us have a taste for what is called "mediævalism," he can find a great deal of it in that grand and grotesque personality. But the point is that the Wife of Bath was coming from Bath, and not going to Bath. When we consider what her errand was, and then what she was, we realise the wide reach and grasp of religion upon the motley mob of mankind. The Wife of Bath is a sort of caricature carved in brass; as brazen as Mrs. Gamp and with as broad a grin. But who can imagine Dickens, who described so many wanderings in Kent, describing Mrs. Gamp as going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint? I suppose the whole stretch of history, from the mediæval to the modern world, might be summed up in the reversal of that journey. It is the change from the time when the Wife of Bath went to sprinkle herself with holy water at Canterbury, to the time when the Archbishop of Canterbury probably went to sprinkle himself with medicinal water at Bath. But it was not of such trifles as the towers of Canterbury or the Roman floors of Bath that I was musing mystically at the moment.

My mind was uplifted and attuned to the subject of buns. I was reflecting upon the remarkable fact that, to a great extent, it is still necessary to go to Bath for Bath buns. I have, indeed, encountered in my travels in less civilised places something, apparently intended for food, to which is attached the name of the Roman city of Somerset. But, after tasting it, I have come to the conclusion that the derivation is different. These other objects, I conceive, are very legitimately called Bath buns because they are made of soap and flannel. But to a great extent, in spite of the modern network of communications and dead level of standardisation, a Bath bun still means a bun of Bath. The same is true in its degree, I believe, in the case of Chertsey buns. It may still be true, for all I know, of those unique cakes of Richmond, gloriously described as Maids of Honour. It may be that, before standardisation began, there were these local luxuries in nearly every locality. Perhaps there were Pimlico Pancakes which were the rich reward of crossing the meadows to the picturesque hamlet of Pimlico. Perhaps Clapham produced a sweetmeat as well as a sect; and Mayfair was famous for toffee before it was famous for toffs. But over all districts that have been surrounded and swallowed by the big industrial cities, there runs the rule of the great commercial combinations, and all such individual things have perished.

I do not insist that nobody must be allowed to eat Brussels sprouts except in Brussels. I do not demand that everyone who likes Jerusalem artichokes should take staff and scrip and make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I do not say that Turkish delight should delight none but Turks or travellers in Turkey. I do not even insist (though it would be a fine heroic

idea, worthy of a romance of Scott or Stevenson) that no person should be permitted to taste Edinburgh Rock until he has earned it by scaling the steep and splendid façade of the Rock of Edinburgh. Some of these are merely names; and some of them do still carry with them something of the savour and the pride of nations. But in England, in those exquisitely English centres, the old provincial towns, we did manage to produce good things whose very glory was in being provincial.

It was worth a man's while to go from one town to another, and even from one county to another, to find things that he could not find at home. Thus there was a very real romance of travel, for romantic as well as for religious pilgrims. The traveller plodded

means of communication, and there is nothing to communicate. A traveller in simpler times travelled with two legitimate and even estimable objects: first to see strange things in the places he went to; and second, to boast about the country he came from. Both these admirable arts are bound to suffer neglect and negation under existing conditions, when the place he finds is exactly like the place he leaves. All such places are alike, plastered up with the same advertisements, blocked up with the same big shops, selling the same newspapers, attending the same schools.

To walk across London would be a long enough promenade to correspond to any villager going from village to village, or even from valley to valley. But he would not find the same differences. He would not say, with a sigh of joy: "I have got to Westminster; here alone can I see unfurled the beautiful green banner of the *Westminster Gazette*." He does not say: "I am in the Strand, sought by so many explorers whose bones are littered round Leicester Square; and here, in some high shrine or library, I can open the sacred volume called the *Strand Magazine*." Long before the pilgrim has come to Westminster, long before he has discovered the source of the Strand, he will have seen the names of these excellent publications repeated again and again upon paper-stalls and shops, till he has almost (if we may say so) grown a little tired of the look of them.

There is therefore no real meaning in his travels, apart from the permanent personal interest of humanity. But the general spirit of travel, the desire to see new folk or new customs, all that has been ruined by the commercial concentration of modern times. I do not object to a reasonable number of things being scattered over the whole world, to remind the traveller of home, and of the bond of mankind. I have seen *The Illustrated London News*, for instance, in remote mud villages of Spain, or in caravanserais on the edge of the desert; and I am quite prepared to find it in the dark forests of Africa or the islands of the Southern Seas. But the Spanish villages and the Arab settlements were themselves quite different from London and the London News.

If each of our separate towns and villages were cut off by some happy catastrophe, such as being snowed up or turned into an island by a flood, that town or village might begin to produce its own magazines. It might produce its own style of architecture, its own school of poets. It might produce something of its own out of the soil, instead of passing on something from somewhere else to somewhere else; as if every human town were no more than a railway-junction. It might be encouraged to use all the talent within its reach; instead of having that talent swamped and swept away by mere floods of fashion and rumour from the ends of the earth. Then, the true type of the traveller and the pilgrim might reappear upon the earth. Then it would really be worth while to cross the hills from one valley to another; for, entering a new valley, he would enter a new world. There would be more fun to wander over a part of England than it is to-day to wander over all the earth. The old fairy-tales, that told of a man coming to one kingdom where the houses were built of gold, or another where the fountains ran with wine, were but the legitimate literary exaggeration of the experience of real travellers, who found one peasantry wearing gilded headresses or another brewing golden ale. But in our present phase travel has destroyed the traveller; and there is nowhere for the pilgrim to go save on a spiritual journey—the only possible pilgrim's progress.

Two Important Announcements

IT is officially announced by Sir John Ellerman, Bart., and Mr. William Harrison, as Chairman of the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd., that contracts have been exchanged for the purchase of a controlling interest in *The Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Ltd., and the acquisition of the *Sphere*, the *Tatler*, *Eve*, the *Drapers' Record*, *Men's Wear*, and other periodicals. It is understood that, as soon as the arrangements have been sanctioned by the shareholders, a new Company, under the title of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., will be formed by the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd., for the purpose of acquiring the above assets, in which the Inveresk Paper Company will take an important interest.

It is part of the arrangements that, in the near future, the holders of the remaining shares in *The Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Ltd., will be given an opportunity of disposing of their shares to the new Company.

The amount involved in the deal is approximately £3,000,000. The Board of the new Company will include those responsible for the successful management in the past of the important illustrated newspapers and periodicals mentioned above, together with certain Directors of the Inveresk Paper Company and its associated Companies. Mr. William Harrison will be Chairman, and Mr. William Graham, Chairman of the Vendor Companies, will be Vice-Chairman.

IT is officially announced by the proprietors of the *Graphic* and *Bystander*, and Mr. William Harrison, Chairman of the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd., that contracts have been exchanged for the purchase of the *Graphic* and the *Bystander* by the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd., as and from July 1 last. The new Company which is being formed under the title of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., by the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd. for the purposes of running the publications recently purchased from Sir John Ellerman, Bart., will acquire these well-known illustrated papers, which will in future be issued in conjunction therewith.

along the Bath Road sustained from afar off by the vision of the Bath Bun. He saw the cake peculiar to Richmond shining like a guiding star more brilliant than the Star and Garter. And though this may not seem the loftiest sort of star for a wise man to follow, yet these material luxuries had their moral significance, and stand in social criticism to-day as the symbols of something much deeper and wider than themselves. They illustrate something that is not only wanting in our latest social development, but something not immediately likely to be developed.

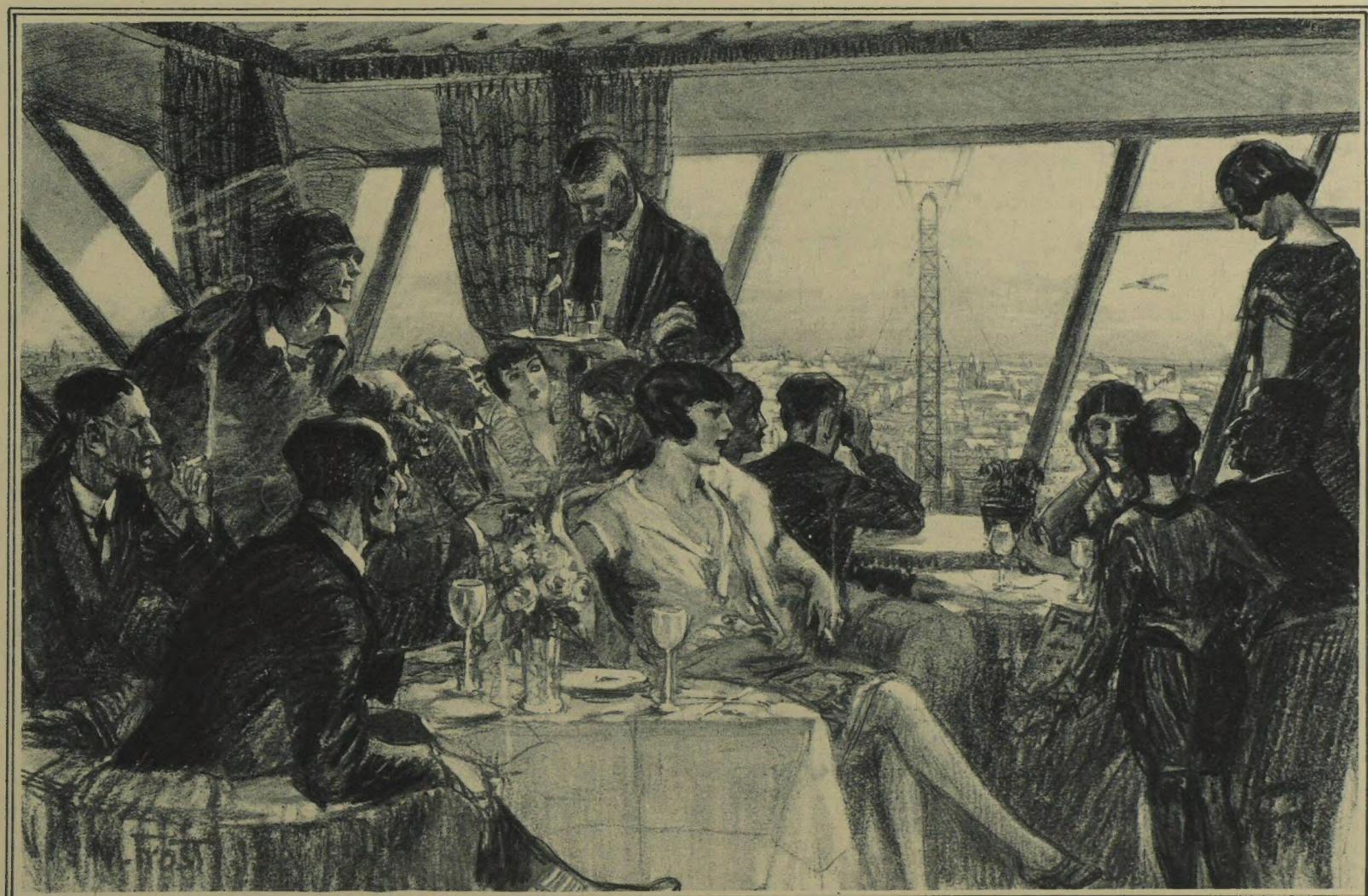
Thus travel, in the true sense, has become impossible in the large urban or urbanised districts. There are twenty ways of going everywhere, and there is nowhere to go. There are a hundred improved

BERLIN LIFE OF THE PRESENT DAY: GERMAN SOCIETY'S AMUSEMENTS.

FROM DRAWINGS BY LUTZ EHRENBERGER AND MARTIN FROST.



SKATING ON REAL ICE IN THE PALACE OF SPORT AT BERLIN: A RINK FORMERLY USED AS A RIDING-SCHOOL AND BOXING RING. NOW CAPABLE OF RAPID CONVERSION INTO A BALL-ROOM BY THE LAYING OF A PARQUET FLOOR.



DINING IN BERLIN'S NEW RADIO TOWER AT A HEIGHT OF 180 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND: A HIGH-LEVEL RESTAURANT WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR 200 PEOPLE, AND AFFORDING SPLENDID VIEWS OF BERLIN AND POTSDAM.

The Palace of Sport which was built at Berlin fifteen years ago was used for many years as a riding school and a boxing ring. Through the efforts of the Berlin Skating Club, it has been opened as a skating rink. In a very short time this ice-rink can be covered with a parquet floor and be used as a ball-room or assembly room. At present it is much frequented by skaters, who flock there daily, delighted to have ice which does not depend on the vagaries of the weather.—The Radio Tower in Berlin, which was opened

on September 3 in connection with the Wireless Exhibition, is one of the most remarkable structures of its kind in the world. It is about 450 ft. high, built of very light steel bars, and has a look-out gallery at the top. Lower down is a restaurant at a height of about 180 ft., which can hold 200 people. The kitchen is just beneath, and the restaurant is reached by a lift. A magnificent view of Berlin and Potsdam is seen from the restaurant windows.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE MOON ILLUMINED BY EARTH: A MODEL OF THE LUNAR ALPS.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A PLASTER MODEL EXECUTED BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., FROM TELESCOPIC OBSERVATIONS.



EARTHSHINE FLOODING THE MOON, AND FOUND BRIGHTER WHEN TERRESTRIAL CLOUDS AND SNOW ARE PREVALENT.

"It is a familiar sight" (writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, regarding his wonderful models of "moonland" here illustrated) "to see 'the old moon in the new moon's arms,' the sickle of light hanging in the west after sunset, and enfolding the dark portion of the globe. The shaded portion represents the moon's night side, or the hemisphere turned away from direct sunlight. Were it not for the earthlight which our globe reflects upon it, it would be totally invisible, and the darkness of space would reign in that region of the moon. Indeed, the earth as seen from the moon appears thirteen times larger than does the moon to us, and

the reflected sunlight our satellite receives from us is fully twenty-fold that to which we are accustomed on a moonlight night. At midnight on the moon, the surface is literally flooded by 'full' earth, and the mountains and volcanoes can be readily distinguished in a telescope. The above picture represents a portion of the Alps, situated in the moon's northern hemisphere. In the foreground is the well-known Alpine Valley, strewn with volcanic débris. As in almost every part of the moon, the mountains, volcanoes, lava plains, and crevasses bear unmistakable evidence of a past upheaval, which probably [Continued opposite.]

EARTHSHINE ON THE MOON: A MODEL OF THE LUNAR CAUCASUS.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A PLASTER MODEL EXECUTED BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., FROM TELESCOPIC OBSERVATIONS.



Scriven Bolton

THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON: A MIDNIGHT DREAM OF VOLCANIC DESOLATION AND LIFELESSNESS.

Continued.]

subsided some millions of years ago. But, except in the lowest parts of the surface, air is practically absent, and the various features have accordingly remained unchanged from the time when they were first moulded into shape. A curious fact of far-reaching importance, which astronomers are at present investigating, is that the earthlight, seen reflected upon the moon, is sometimes brighter than at others. Preliminary results of observations, inaugurated in the favourable climate of Harvard and Peru, show that this variation synchronises with the existence, or otherwise, of abnormal terrestrial clouds and snowfields. Earthshine

is increased by vast white cloud-belts and vapours which not infrequently cover the earth's surface over thousands of square miles. A lunar spectator would also see the brilliant North Polar snow-cap tilted occasionally toward him; at other times the great Southern one. The continents would also be seen in their winter mantle of snow. In order to measure the earthshine on the moon, and gauge its colour, plates sensitive to blue and to yellow light are used. The results will eventually be co-ordinated with terrestrial climatic and meteorological changes, and we shall be able to read in the moon the average conditions prevailing on our globe."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE stranding of a lesser rorqual on the beach at Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, the other day, afforded some excitement to the natives, for whales are growing scarce. One wonders why disaster of this kind ever overtakes these animals. Sometimes, no doubt, perhaps in the pursuit of food, they venture at high-water too near the shore, and presently find themselves unable to get back; not because they have not sufficient water to cover them, but because it is not sufficiently deep. For a whale swims, not as a fish, by lateral side-to-side movements of the body, which naturally drive it straight forwards, but by a "switchback" course, and this because the tail-flukes, instead of being vertical as in a fish, are horizontal, and hence drive the body first down, then up to the surface. The whale can swim only after this fashion. The depth of water must be at least greater than its own length to enable it to travel. Hence, though miles of shallow water surround it on every side, it can only drift helplessly about when thus "out of its depth."

The fish is in better case. Its tail-flukes are vertical, and tend, by the side-to-side movements of the hinder end of the body, to drive it straight forwards. But, by tilting the body, this forward direction can be converted into an upward or a downward course at will. The peculiar method of swimming which characterises the whale is readily interpretable. For these creatures are mammals; that is to say, warm-blooded, air-breathing animals, which suckle their young. Hence they must breathe air as we do. They cannot extract oxygen from the water as fishes do, by gills; that is to say, by bringing excessively delicate blood-vessels in direct contact with the water by spreading them over a bony framework, constituting the "gills," in normal speech.

No satisfactory answer seems to be obtainable as to why all the lung-breathing mammals which have become intensively transformed for an exclusively aquatic life (which has brought about the extinction of the hind-limbs and the conversion of the fore-limbs into "flippers," as with the whales, dugongs, and manatees)

which the spine, perforce, must follow in sympathy. When and why did the spinal flexions change from lateral to horizontal, as in the whales of to-day?

There is another structural peculiarity which is worth at least passing attention. This concerns the

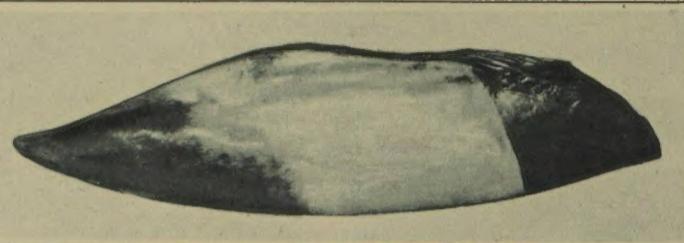
vast hordes of small crustacea, or sometimes herrings. Before the food thus captured can be swallowed, the water must be got rid of. The throat-pleats, it is suggested, effect this by contracting the balloon-like pouch of the throat, so that the water is expelled

between the baleen-plates, leaving a solid mass of food on the tongue to be presently swallowed. There is no good ground, I think, for this view. Recent dissections of tongues of rorquals which I have made show that this organ contains spacious air-cavities. By their inflation the tongue could very effectively expel the unwanted water. This is a subject, however, which I have still under investigation.

The colour of this animal surprised me. It has always been supposed that the lesser rorqual was black above—the skin looking like a piece of glacé kid—and white below; while the flipper, alone among the whales, was marked by a curiously shaped band of white running transversely across it. But I am told that when alive the parts hitherto described as white were of a delicate mauve, including the band across the flipper. It had this coloration when I saw it, some hours after death. In most of the whale-tribe the under parts are of a beautiful Chinese white, with a slight "egg-shell" gloss. Some, however, are of a uniform dark sepia, almost black, as with the "bottle-nosed" whale; while on the other hand, by way of contrast, one species, the Beluga, is pure white from head to tail.

I have left till now the discussion of another feature of the whale-tribe that is of more than passing interest. And this concerns the dorsal fin. In all the fishes where such a fin is present it is formed of a series of bony or cartilaginous rods, supporting a delicate membrane, intimately connected with the spines of the backbone—save the second dorsal of the salmon-tribe, which is a mass of fatty tissue. In the whales, the dorsal fin, like the tail-flukes, is made up of fibrous tissue alone, and has no supporting skeleton. In the matter of its shape, this fin varies much. As a rule, it is triangular, sometimes falcate, but is rarely very large relatively to the great length of the body, which, in the "blue" whale, may attain to a length of well over 100 ft., as against the 30 ft. of the lesser rorqual or "pike" whale. In the ferocious "killer" whale, however, this fin may attain to a length of as much as 6 ft. Doubtless it serves some useful purpose in swimming. But it is evidently not indispensable, since in some species it forms no more than a low ridge, while in others, as in the "sperm" and the right whales, it is wanting altogether. By what agency was it brought into existence? Here, as in so many other structural characters of the whales, we seem to be brought within the very debatable ground of the "transmission of acquired characters," which some day I should like to discuss on this page.

It would seem possible, nay, even probable, that there is, after all, an underlying truth in Lamarck's views on this theme, but those who would see in this suggestion the doom of Darwin's theory of natural selection do but imagine a vain thing! Natural selection has come to stay.



THE LESSER RORQUAL'S DISTINGUISHING FEATURE: THE MAUVE BAND ON THE FLIPPER.

This species can always be distinguished from all other whales by the broad, transverse band of pale mauve which marks the flipper. This (as may be noted in the photograph of the whole animal) is quite small relatively to the length of the body, serving as a balancing organ and not for swimming purposes.

"blow-hole," which is really the nose. In all mammals save the whale-tribe, this forms the termination of the muzzle. Here it is found in the middle of the



STRANDED RECENTLY AT MABLETHORPE: A LESSER RORQUAL (PIKE-WHALE), SHOWING THE RELATIVELY SMALL FLIPPER.

The lesser rorqual, or "pike-whale," stranded at Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, on September 15, was a half-grown female, 15 ft. 10 in. long, and weighing just over a ton. It is not a rare species, and is especially common in the Norwegian fjords, where it is killed for food, the meat being very palatable.

forehead—excepting only in the sperm-whale. But more than this. In the "toothed-whales" the two nostrils have fused to form a single hole, varying in relative size, and generally crescentic in shape. Furthermore, they are bounded on each side and behind by extensive air-pouches, serving, apparently, to keep the nostrils water-tight when submerged. In the "baleen," or "whale-bone," whales there are two nostrils, having the form of long slits, set in the form of a V. Why should there be this striking difference when the two types are living in exactly the same environment and side by side?

In all the "rorquals" the skin of the throat and the forepart of the belly is thrown into a series of pleats, as shown in the central photograph. They are not present in the "right"

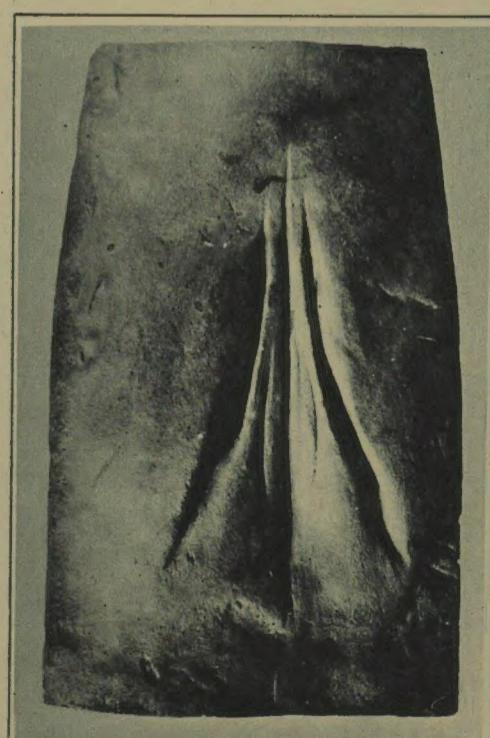
whales—the only "baleen" whales which the older whalers ever troubled to catch. The fact that the rorquals are immensely swifter in the water than the right whales has caused some to suggest that these pleats served as "stream-lines" to steady the animal when in full career. Others hold that they are indispensable aids towards emptying the mouth when feeding. For these creatures take in an enormous quantity of water, containing, generally,



THE "BLOWHOLE" OF A BEAKED WHALE: AN ALMOST TRANSVERSE SLIT.

The "blowhole" of the whale answers to the nostrils of land animals, in which they are placed at the end of the snout. In the whales they open on the forehead. In the huge sperm whale, or cachalot, there is but one functional nostril, and this, unlike all other whales, has been carried forward to the upper end of the strangely truncated muzzle. In the "toothed-whales" there is but a single nostril, crescentic in form, save in the beaked whales (as above), where it forms an almost transverse slit.

should have developed horizontal tail-flukes. Because one would have supposed that the ancestors of these types, while still in the amphibious stage, would have used their tails by "swishing" them from side to side after the manner of fishes. But it may be argued that at this stage they still had functional hind-limbs, used as propellers, leaving to the tail the work of steering only. Here, however, we have to be careful. For the hind-limbs in the seal-tribe have now completely lost their function as walking limbs, and are carried, on land, straight out behind. In swimming, however, they are used as propellers, not by up-and-down, but by side-to-side movements,



A MYSTERIOUS VARIATION IN THE SHAPE OF THE NOSTRILS: THE V-SHAPED "BLOWHOLE" OF THE RIGHT WHALES AND THE RORQUALS. In the right whales and rorquals both nostrils are present, arranged in the form of a V, as in this photograph.

WILL LONDON SEE THE VAN EYCK POLYPYTHCH?

PANELS OF THE FAMOUS GHENT ALTAR-PIECE RESTORED BY GERMANY.



THE UPRIGHT JUDGES.



THE KNIGHTS OF CHRIST.

HUBERT Van Eyck, the elder of the two famous brothers who were the pioneers of Flemish painting, died in Ghent just 500 years ago, on September 18, 1426. He and his brother Jan painted the wonderful altar-piece for the church of St. Bavon (now the Cathedral) at Ghent, a polyptych known from its central picture as "The Adoration of the Lamb." This great work has had a chequered history. In 1794 the four central panels were taken to Paris by the Republicans, while the wing panels were concealed. After Waterloo the central panels were replaced over the cathedral altar in 1816, but the wings were sold, and having passed through various hands were eventually bought by the Prussian Government

[Continued in Box below.]



THE HOLY HERMITS.



THE HOLY PILGRIMS.

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION
AND (ABOVE) THE PROPHET ZACHARIAH

THE SINGING ANGELS.

ST. CECILIA AND THE PLAYING
ANGELS.THE VIRGIN AND (ABOVE) THE
PROPHET MICAH.JODOC VYDT (DONOR OF
THE ALTAR-PIECE).

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

for 400,000 francs, and placed in the Berlin Museum. After the Great War it was made a condition of the Versailles Treaty that these panels should be restored to Belgium. They reached Brussels in 1920, and the complete altar-piece now hangs once more in Ghent Cathedral. Efforts have been made to obtain the loan of it for the Exhibition of Flemish Art to be held in London, at the Royal Academy, next January. A recent report that it would be shown there, however, was officially denied by Canon Van den Gheyn, who had charge of the painting during the war. It was stated that the cathedral authorities had not yet been approached, and that there was opposition in Ghent to the city's historic heirloom being taken across the water.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. ISABELLA, THE WIFE OF
JODOC VYDT.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS I gaze on of new books clamouring for notice, I am reminded (perhaps it is a sign of second childhood) of a certain nursery rhyme about an old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do. Her methods, if I remember right, were a trifle drastic—

She smacked them all round, and sent them to bed.

I recoil, however, from applying such treatment to my literary brood. For one thing, it would be unkind, and, for another, they are too big, and might hit back! But they are certainly "a handful," and I must be a little brief in dwelling on their merits.

Stories of adventure in foreign parts usually include a doctor, who combines scientific resource with a taste for romance. Here I have to introduce two books of medical interest belonging, not to fiction, but to the world of actual experience, and as a doctor's son and a doctor's brother I have found them especially attractive. "IN HIMALAYAN TIBET," by A. Reeve Heber, M.D., Ch.B., and Kathleen M. Heber, M.B., Ch.B., B.Sc.; with illustrations and map (Seeley Service; 21s. net), is further defined in the sub-title as "a record of twelve years spent in the topsy-turvy land of Lesser Tibet, with a description of its cheery folk, their ways and religion, of the rigours of the climate and beauties of the country, its fauna and flora." The authors' purpose, they explain, was "to fulfil an oft-expressed want for a popular and not highly technical account of the land and the people."

That purpose has been admirably achieved, though I could wish the authors had said a little more about themselves and their own doings, and the genesis of their journeys. The interest is almost entirely objective. One exception, however, is an anecdote illustrating the "topsy-turvy" contrasts between Western and Tibetan customs. "In the West we wait for admittance to the door of the house. In Ladak the house is penetrated until the desired one is found. When the 'Doctor Sahib' was ill in bed . . . the door between his bedroom and the dining-room suddenly opened to admit a not over-cleanly looking individual, with a loudly squawking and protesting cock under his arm, a token of gratitude for the 'Doctor Sahib' from one of his patients."

While the doctor on land is always conversationally "full of matter," within the limits imposed by professional discretion, the doctor at sea has a still wider experience on which to draw. The point is proved in "SHIPS—AND PEOPLE," by J. C. H. Beaumont, L.R.C.P. and S., Edinburgh and Glasgow, Surgeon of the R.M.S. *Majestic*, with numerous illustrations (Geoffrey Bles; 16s. net). "For thirty years," says the author, "I have roved the seas as a ship's surgeon," and before that he practised for seven years ashore, among Durham miners, Staffordshire pottery-makers, Devon farmers, and in London infirmaries. His years at sea were not all spent aboard luxurious liners. Among his earlier experiences was a voyage with Barnum's menagerie and witnessing the execution of a mad elephant. During the war he made "108 crossings of danger zones in the Atlantic and Mediterranean."

Mr. Beaumont is even more interesting on "people" than he is on "ships." The mere names of the celebrities with whom he has associated at sea would fill most of my remaining space; they seem to include all the remarkable people in recent history, notably in war, politics, the stage, and sport. Most of them recall an anecdote or a snatch of remembered conversation. Here, for example, is a new story about Lord Kitchener, aboard the *Oceanic*. "Two pretty Englishwomen sat opposite him at table, but he took no notice of them. One of them, tired of his haughty demeanour, made up her mind at the last meal to risk everything and wink deliberately at him, to see how he took it. 'Nothing happened,' she afterwards told me; 'he just took no notice and went on eating. I felt I wanted to scream and see if that would rouse him.'

Theatrical and musical folk, who are great travellers, figure prominently in Mr. Beaumont's pages. Speaking of their help in ship's concerts he says: "Vaudeville or

music-hall artistes . . . are the best-natured souls in the world, and ever ready to respond to the call of charity. . . . Their devotion during the terrible years (of the war) was wonderful." This brings me to a lighter book of memories, by a well-known member of "the profession," who incidentally relates his own war experiences in France—I am not sure whether he has ever crossed the Atlantic or signed his name in Mr. Beaumont's autograph album. The book in question is "MY LAUGH STORY." The Story of My Life: Up to Date. By Leslie Henson (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). I can only say that Mr. Henson is as entertaining in print as he is on the stage, and that is saying a great deal. Apart from intimate glimpses of many stage personalities, the book is a perfect mine of racy, topical talk.

I wish some lively comedian of Shakespeare's day had written a work similar (*mutatis mutandis*) to that of Mr. Henson. But the Elizabethans, unfortunately, were not given to expansive autobiography. Instead, they dealt in veiled allusions and allegorical satire. "The Elizabethan reader was accustomed to look for a hidden meaning in most of the books which he read." So writes Mr. G. B. Harrison in his scholarly edition of "WILLOBIE HIS AVISA, 1594," a new volume in the Bodley Head Quartos (Lane; 6s. net). This long poem, recording the

distant retrospect," we read, "is dedicated to his Majesty King George the Fourteenth, with the dim respect of a deceased and forgotten author." I hope it will appeal equally to King George XL.

Meanwhile, I have arrived by easy stages at the glorious days of George V., and a book that tackles, in a highly practical manner, one of the most urgent problems of his reign, the peopling of the aforesaid Empire. The modest title of "THE AMATEUR SETTLERS," by Lord and Lady Apsley. Illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net), gave me no suspicion of the book's "true inwardness." It is the story of a notable adventure in the art of "seeing for oneself," and an object-lesson in thoroughness for politicians. Lord Apsley reminds me of Michael Mont and his policy of "Foggartism" in John Galsworthy's novel, "The Silver Spoon."

In order to test the conditions of migration and settlement in Australia, "arising out of" a question in the House, Lord Apsley surrendered a seat in Parliament and his position as Private Secretary to Sir William Joynson Hicks (popularly, "P.P.S. to 'Jicks'"), went out under an assumed name as an aided settler, and took jobs on Australian farms. The conditions for single men having been thus tested, he and Lady Apsley together similarly sampled the life of married settlers, or "groupers." The secret of their identity was well kept, and the encouraging results of their experiment are most interesting and valuable. They describe it all in a cheery, humorous vein; and I should advise every intending settler, as well as those politically concerned in the subject, to read their delightful book.

From Britain and her Imperial problems I now migrate to France, and a little group of books that render tribute to two dead giants of French literature. A spirit of hero-worship inspires "CONVERSATIONS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE," by Nicolas Séguir; authorised translation, with an Introduction by J. Lewis May (Lane; 7s. 6d. net). "I have also written these pages," says M. Séguir, "to satisfy my desire to give concrete expression to my admiration for the author of 'Thais,' and to explain to myself, so to speak, how it was I came to consider him as one of my intellectual guides, one of my tutelary divinities. . . . His engaging manner, his careless yet unstinting generosity, were but veils beneath which the author of 'Thais' concealed himself from the world." The emphasis thus laid on that particular work, as typical of the "Anatolian" philosophy,

is fortified by the simultaneous appearance of a new and fascinating edition thereof—"THAIS," by Anatole France; a translation by Robert B. Douglas; with illustrations and decorations by Frank C. Papé (Lane; 16s. net). Taken together, these two books reveal intimately the mind and personality of one who might be called the last great pagan, who once, we read, prayed to Aphrodite.

My other French "giant" is the author of "The Three Musketeers," and the act of homage to him consists in the first English version of a novel hitherto less familiar on this side of the Channel. It is entitled "MONSIEUR JACKAL," by Alexandre Dumas; a new translation; edited, with an Introduction, by R. S. Garnett (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net). The original, "Les Mohicans de Paris," was a very voluminous work, and Mr. Garnett tells an amusing story of a little bet he had with Joseph Conrad, who, seeing a British Museum attendant laden with its many volumes, was convinced that they were the *Œuvres Complètes* of Dumas. Some abridgment has therefore been necessary. This English version is in two parts, each forming a complete story. "Monsieur Jackal" is the first, and the second, "The Carbonari," will follow.

Mr. Garnett has already done much, in previous translations, to keep Dumas's memory green, and I, for one, am very grateful to him. "M. Jackal," he mentions, "whose advice 'en tout, cherchez la femme,' was caught up all over Paris, to be quoted all the world over, was the forerunner of the M. Lecoq of Gaboriau, of the Sherlock Holmes of Conan Doyle, et hoc genus omne." A great man—Dumas père! I take off my hat to him.

C. E. B.



MAN-HAULING A GREAT BELL TO THE TOP OF A CHURCH TOWER: THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT'S GIFT TO ASSISI IN HONOUR OF THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF ST. FRANCIS.

In honour of the seventh-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi, which is being celebrated this year, the Italian Government presented to the city the great bell which is here seen being hauled to its place in the belfry by a party of fifty men. The proceedings have a mediæval aspect. On the bell is a figure of St. Francis in relief, which is just visible on its right-hand side in the above photograph.—[Photograph by Carlo Delius (Nervi).]

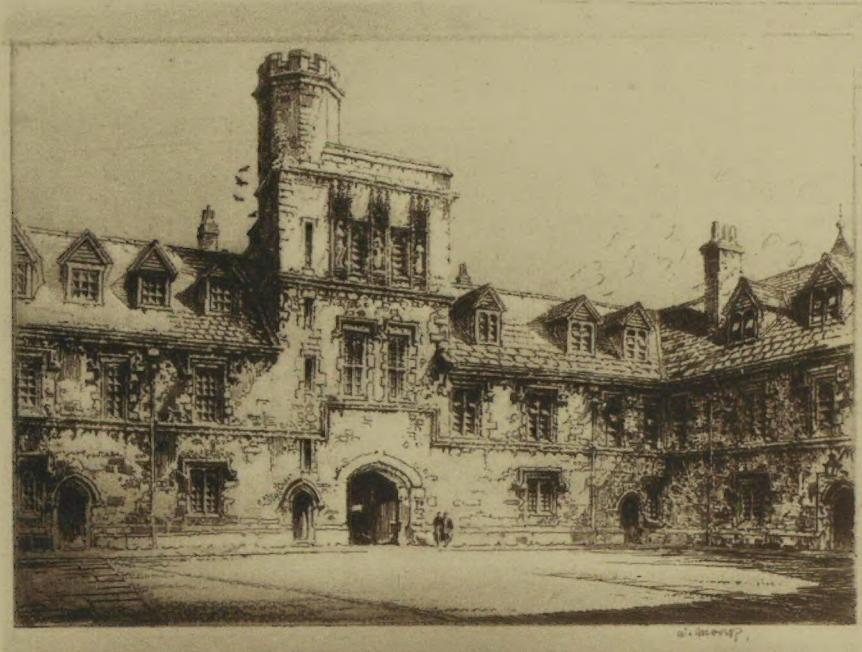
"rejected addresses" of various licentious wooers of a West Country innkeeper's wife, of unassailable chastity, is explained as being a satire on certain eminent persons represented by the said wooers. Mr. Harrison regards it as a reply to Shakespeare's "Lucrece," a counter-attack by one of Raleigh's followers on the rival group who gathered about the Earls of Essex and Southampton.

From the literary squabbles of Shakespeare's time we skip over a century or so, into a Society much changed through the Civil War, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution. A famous phase of eighteenth-century life is vivaciously described in "BATH UNDER BEAU NASH AND AFTER." By Lewis Melville. Illustrated. (Evelyn Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d. net). Here the "King of Bath" is painted at full length, and the story of the city is brought down to the days of Jane Austen. "Bath," Mr. Melville concludes, "is still a popular resort. . . . It has even lately been put about that the office of Master of the Ceremonies may be revived." It was at Bath, by the way, that Leslie Henson made his professional stage début, in 1910, and in "Our Note-book" this week "G.K.C." gives us some mediæval meditations on Bath buns.

While Bath owes much of its fame to its own particular "King," another popular resort, Brighton, is indebted to a "regular royal" King for the origin of its popularity. I will not presume to add anything to Mr. Chesterton's appreciation (in our last issue) of "GEORGE IV.", by Shane Leslie. Illustrated (Ernest Benn; 12s. 6d. net), but I should like to draw attention to the Irish author's faith in the continuity of the British Empire. "This

OUR OLDEST PUBLIC SCHOOL: THE BEAUTY OF WINCHESTER.

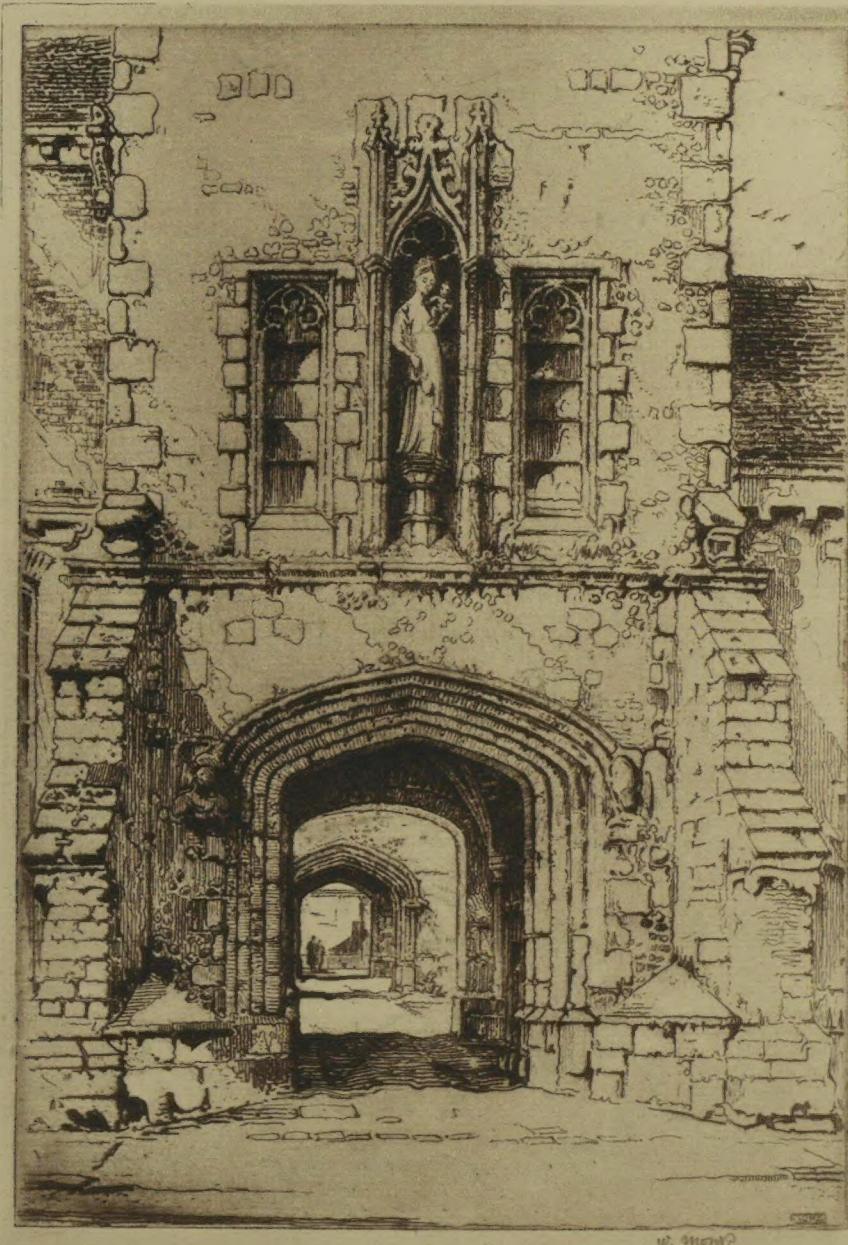
FROM THE ETCHINGS BY WILLIAM MONK, R.E., PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. ED. J. BURROW AND CO., LTD.,
IMPERIAL HOUSE, CHELTENHAM, AND CENTRAL HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.



CHAMBER COURT, WINCHESTER COLLEGE: THE INNER QUADRANGLE OF THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

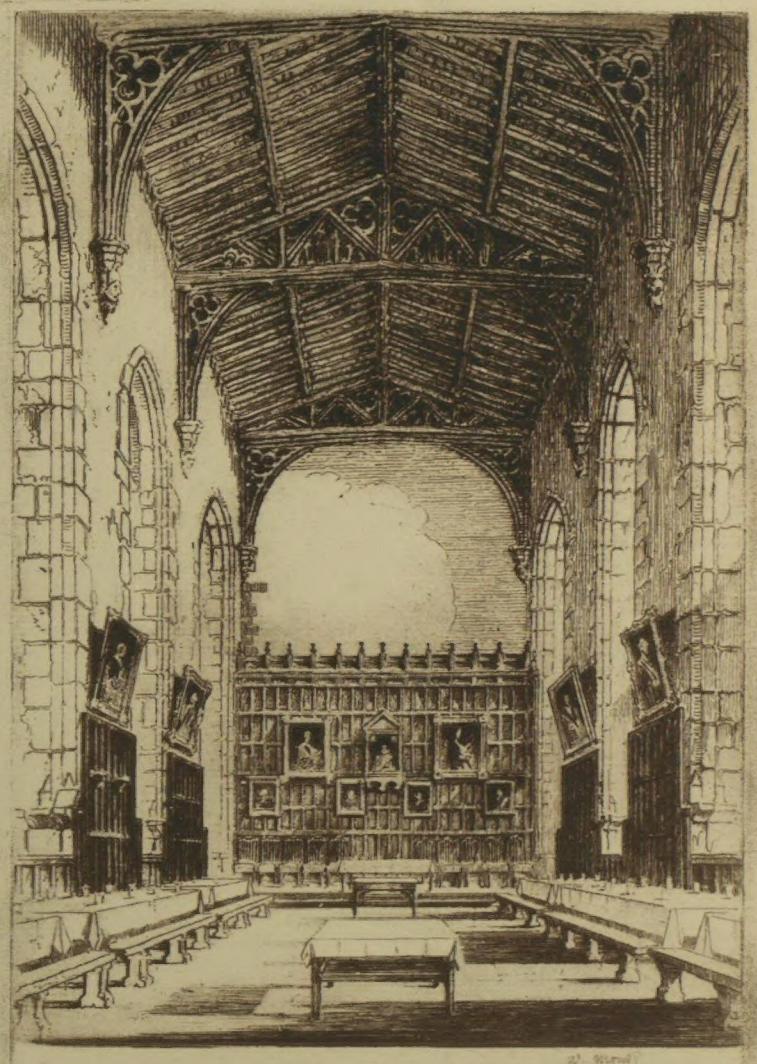


THE INTERIOR OF CHAPEL: THE FIRST BUILDING BEGUN BY THE FOUNDER.



OUTER GATE: THE GATEWAY LEADING FROM COLLEGE STREET TO OUTER COURT,
UNDER BURSARY.

Old Wykehamists, and many others who cherish affectionate memories of the great school founded by William of Wykeham, will be interested in these beautiful etchings. They belong to a set of six which the artist has recently completed, the other two subjects being Meads, and Chantry Door (from Cloister). Mr. William Monk, who has a high reputation for architectural work, is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and of the Society of Graver-Printers. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy and the International Society, and is represented in the



THE INTERIOR OF HALL: THE GREAT DINING-HALL, WITH AN OPEN OAK ROOF AND ELIZABETHAN WAINSCOTING.

permanent collections of the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Imperial War Museum. Those who would study the history of Winchester College, its distinctive customs, nomenclature, and modes of speech, may be referred to "Winchester College Notions," by Three Beetles, published by Messrs. P. and G. Wells, the College booksellers. Here we read that William of Wykeham "laid the foundation stone of Chapel on the 26th March, 1387," and that "School, underneath Hall . . . is the oldest schoolroom in England."

DINNER TIME AT THE "ZOO": CURIOSITIES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEVILLE KINGSTON.



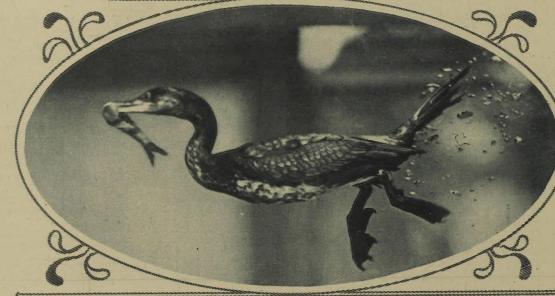
AN UNOFFICIAL
DINNER: A
WHITE EGRET
SWALLOWS A LIVE
RAT THAT HAS
ENTERED THE
ENCLOSURE.



THE LION CUB IS GROWING UP AND HAS A HEALTHY APPETITE:
A "PRINCE OF BEASTS" WHO ENJOYS HIS MEALS.



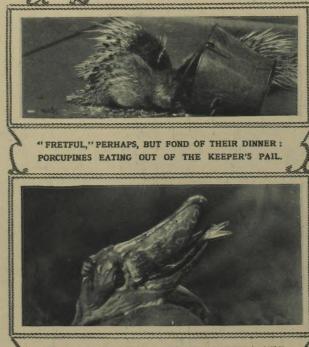
THE SOUTH AMERICAN TIGER BITTERN IS PARTIAL
TO FISH, WHICH IT SWallows WHOLE.



THE CORMORANT CATCHES HIS DINNER UNDER WATER, GOING AT TOP SPEED,
AS SHOWN BY THE FLATTENED BUBBLES BEHIND.



"FORCIBLE FEEDING" FOR A NEW PENGUIN
THAT HAS BEEN ON "HUNGER STRIKE": THE
KEEPER "STUFFS" IT WITH HERRINGS.



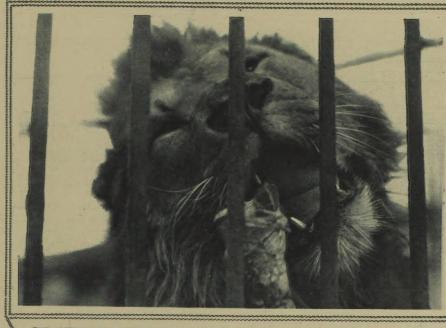
"FRETFUL," PERHAPS, BUT FOND OF THEIR DINNER:
PORCUPINES EATING OUT OF THE KEEPER'S PAIL.



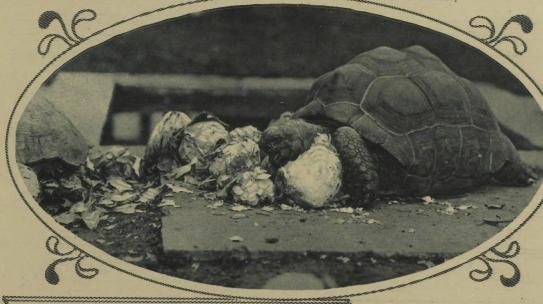
THE GOLDEN EAGLE DOES NOT MEAN TO LET HIS
DINNER ESCAPE: HE HOLDS IT FIRMLY DOWN WITH
HIS FOOT.

IN DINERS, DIET, AND "TABLE MANNERS."

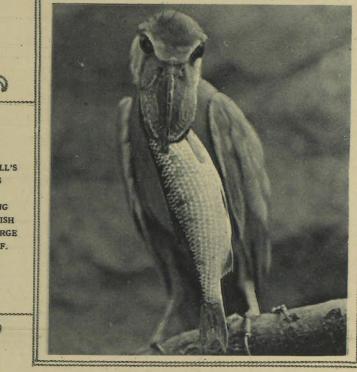
NEVILLE KINGSTON.



THE "KING OF BEASTS" IS NOT A VEGETARIAN: ABDULLA, A FAVOURITE LION,
ANSWERS THE DINNER BELL.



THE OLD GALAPAGOS TORTOISE SHOWS HOW HE HAS
LIVED TO BE OVER A HUNDRED: HE DINES CONTENTEDLY
ON CABBAGE.



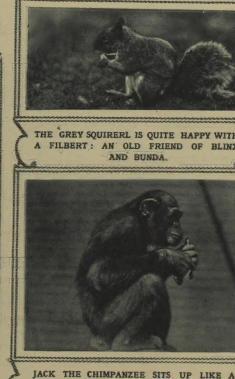
THE BOAT-BILL'S
CAPACIOUS
MAW:
SWALLOWING
WHOLE A FISH
HALF AS LARGE
AS HIMSELF.



THE GROUND HORNBILL, WHO ARRIVED RATHER
DRAGGLED, NOW THRIVES ON A DIET OF DEAD
RATS.



THE GREY SQUIRREL IS QUITE HAPPY WITH
A FILBERT: AN OLD FRIEND OF BLINK
AND BUNDA.



JACK THE CHIMPANZEE SITS UP LIKE A
GENTLEMAN AND HOLDS A BANANA IN
HIS HANDS.



THE ADJUTANT STORK IS VERY PARTICULAR:
HE WASHES A FISH IN HIS PAUL BEFORE
SWALLOWING IT.

Everybody likes to see the animals fed at the "Zoo," and it is fascinating to watch their behaviour at "dinner-time" and to note the varieties of their diet. Mr. Neville Kingston's interesting photographs illustrate the "table manners" of sixteen different creatures, from the "king of beasts" to the little grey squirrel, who, as our readers will remember, figured frequently in Mr. J. A. Shepherd's drawings of "Blink and Bunda," a series that preceded the present "Humours of the 'Zoo'." On one or two of his photographs Mr. Neville Kingston supplies a few additional words of explanation. "Rats," he says, "often venture into the egrets' enclosure in search of food, and are promptly swallowed." The egret must have a strong digestive system, and so must the ground

hornbill, whose tastes are similar. Of the one illustrated, Mr. Kingston says: "This ground hornbill was received in rather a draggled condition. It was given a dead rat every day, and it soon pulled round." A gentle course of "forcible feeding" is sometimes necessary. "When penguins arrive at the 'Zoo,'" writes Mr. Kingston, "they are generally in very bad condition, as they refuse to feed themselves on board ship. They have, therefore, to be 'stuffed' by the keeper with herrings for two or three weeks until they become normal." The binturong, whose name may be unfamiliar to some of our readers, is a civet-like, carnivorous animal from the East Indies. He is nocturnal in his habits, and has a long, prehensile tail, useful for climbing trees.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE HULBERTS.—HOW AND WHEN ACTORS LEARN THEIR PARTS.—A DOUGHTY VETERAN.

AMONG the habitual revue artists, two are unique: Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge. Their ways are unlike anybody else's. Their manners are exquisite. It sounds snobbish to characterise them as a gentleman and a lady. Yet there is a flavour and an atmosphere in their work which emanate from innate good breeding. Theirs is a freedom which never descends into licence; theirs a grace which is the inexpressible privilege of English people of quality. You cannot describe it, but it captivates everywhere in the world when such people appear in public. It is a strange admixture of gentle assurance, of unconscious *savoir faire*, of urbanity commingled with a touch of condescension that makes a great and individual impression. And yet these two, so perfectly at home in swallow-tails, jacket, and *toilette de soirée*, are equally familiar and real when in their various transformations they migrate from the classes to the masses, from the ball-room floor to "Distinguished Villa" in the shabby-genteel, to the workman garb or—in her case—to the *outré* modes of the *bourgeoisie* who dearly loves to be considered a lady. Nor is this change a mere masquerade. In parlance, in observation, in the sundry touches which divide distinction by birthright from the affectation of mannered viceroy, they attain perfection. When Jack Hulbert represents a proletarian, he is one, and no mistake; and when Cicely Courtneidge imitates, in the parlour of a suburban backwater, the airs and graces of Mayfair, we feel reality with a subtle touch of mockery.

This couple, by dint of collaboration, by affinity of mind, have become intellectual twins. Theirs is team-work in perfection; theirs is harmony of action, attunement of voices, and in dancing a harmony of rhythm as if their limbs belonged to a single frame. They are masters of all the histrionic arts, these twain, and although in revue their range is mainly confined to comedy and parody, we feel that in both of them smoulder the emotional powers, waiting for an outlet. Sometimes in the mock afflictions of Jack Hulbert the sound of his voice, the expression of his face, reveal real pathos; and when, in scenes of simulated jealousy, dismay, or wrath, Miss Cicely abandons piquancy and the fluted notes of suavity, we discover that she, too, is endowed with the vibrating note of dramatic inwardness. One of these days their accession to the "legitimate" order of plays will prove an event of great interest and importance.

It may be a strange confession to make after a life of playgoing, but nearly every first night is a kind of trial to me. I enter the theatre with a fervent wish for success—success for the playwright, the actor, and the manager who runs the risk. As soon as the curtain goes up, my tribulations begin. Keenly alive to the atmosphere, I feel almost at once whether the play is going well or wrong. And, as I observe the obvious nervousness of the actors, I experience an acute anxiety concerning their mentality, particularly their memory. For, not as on the Continent, where the prompter in his box in the centre of the stage means a life busy in the care of others, our system of first aid from the wings is almost futile. When our prompter is heard, his voice adds to the discomfiture of the player and acts as a destroyer of atmosphere. All too often the actor at a loss for a word becomes muddled and fuddled by the whisper which he scarcely hears in his excitement. And yet, in spite of dress rehearsals all sixes and sevens as far as the text is concerned, the miracle happens. The interference of the prompter is a rare occurrence on a first night, and at theatres such as the Old Vic, where repertory imposes an almost superhuman tax on memory, I have not once during this season

heard the uncanny voice from the wings. To me, who even in my schooldays found "learning by heart" the greatest punishment of all—who even now would prefer to utter a long speech impromptu to a score of lines from memory—this retentiveness, particularly on a first night, is amazing; but when I witness the feats of memory of some actors, I feel spellbound as by a miracle. Fancy a Sybil Thorndike playing "Saint Joan" on Saturday evening and being

undoubtedly true, but it does not answer the psychological side of the question. To us onlookers, it is not so much the fact that interests and puzzles us, as the method by which the actor is able to organise his brain on the pigeon-hole system. And what we would like to know is not only how, but also when, he finds the time for the concentration of memorising? For nowadays an actor's life is not only confined to the theatre and home—he plays his social part; he is ubiquitous.

No doubt there are some who apportion their time so methodically that they allow certain hours for memorising, and burn the midnight oil in laborious study. But they, I think, are the minority. The actor who has the artistic temperament is not a man of system. He prefers the haphazard; he studies in accordance with his intuition, by fits and starts. I have rarely heard an actor say: "I must go home and study my part"; in fact, I have hardly ever heard an actor speak about his memorising. How and when he does it remains a mystery, and one, I think, that offers no solution by hard-and-fast rules, but depends entirely on the mentality of the individual. Perhaps some of my friends on the stage will unveil Isis, and thereby enlighten our readers on a momentous aspect of the actor's art.

As I write it is Sept. 20, and the seventy-fifth anniversary

of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. A month ago all his admirers and friends—the whole World of the Theatre—watched the morning papers with anxiety. For once again, for the second time in his long and active life, he had undergone a serious operation, and ominous indications made us fear the worst. Then his powerful nature, allied to a dauntless mind, staved off the peril, and one morning we read the joyful news: "No further bulletins will be issued." Henceforward he made fast for recovery, and at the portals of his new year we find him his old vigorous self, full of plans for the future, and particularly interested in the work of his daughter, who, following in her father's footsteps, promises to become a playwright under his guidance. But Henry Arthur Jones, now that he has had a fling at politics, and has shown what a skilful M.P. he might have been had he not devoted his prime to the playhouse, returns once more to his cherished avocation. We hear that he has new plays ready and in embryo, to supply a fair portion of the London theatres, for, although his firstling was of 1878, his imagination has never stagnated.

And yet, why is it that, with this boundless fertility, his name is so rarely seen on our boards—that we find him readily played on the Continent, but seldom at home beyond the provinces? His last trump-card was "The Lie," which still betrayed the skilful hand. And since then his storehouse has expanded, but not his outlet. Why? Some of his older work may date, but is there not a public for "The Middleman," for "Michael and his Lost Angel," for "Judah," especially in these days of psychical proclivities—to name but three of his most characteristic works? Jones has the gift to appeal to the emotions as well as to the imagination; he has something to say, and often says it well; he possesses the driving force that makes for climax. Some of his work came before its appointed time; now it would succeed as modern when formerly it was deprecated for being too sophisticated. I refer to "The Crusaders," "The Triumph of the Philistines," the "Lacquey's Carnival." With the eyes of to-day, we should behold them in a different light and, I believe, in the right focus. Here, then, is a chance for interesting revivals which every playgoer would greet with joy and renewed curiosity.



THE CO-OPTIMISTS IN THEIR SIXTH YEAR AND PAST THEIR 2000TH PERFORMANCE: "THREE LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRLS"—AN AMUSING ITEM IN THE NEW PROGRAMME AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Co-Optimists recently celebrated their 2000th performance since their original production at the Royalty Theatre in June 1921. They have thus had over five years of remarkable success, realising a gross turn-over of more than £905,000 out of an original capital of £900. The above photograph shows Mr. Stanley Holloway, Mr. Davy Burnaby, Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Doris Bentley, Miss Marjorie Spiers, and Miss Mary Leigh singing "Three Little School-Girls."

word-perfect on Sunday in the endless verbosity of Bernstein's "Israel"; fancy a young actor like Frank Vosper playing Orlando on the Saturday and Romeo on Monday, or Ernest Milton going to Miss Baylis and offering to play in the Shakespeare Festival anything she may choose from Hamlet to Shylock!



THE TWELFTH NEW PROGRAMME OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS: MR. GILBERT CHILDS AND MR. AUSTIN MELFORD AS A PAIR OF OVERWORKED GHOSTS, AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

Has the average playgoer an idea, does he ever give a thought, to what it means to carry in one's brain this mileage of language, which allows no substitution of a single word lest the rhythm should suffer? Fancy what it means to master, to retain, the long speeches in a Shaw repertory—and to have to stuff memory with a new characterisation in the daytime whilst at night the running play demands concentration in a wholly different direction! The man in the street as well as the man of the theatre will say calmly: "It is part of his business"; which is

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH," AT THE NEW THEATRE.
A NOTABLE PLAY FROM A NOTABLE NOVEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARI



"SANGER'S CIRCUS": (L. TO R.) PAULINA (MISS HELEN SPENCER), ROBERTO (MR. DE LUNGO), TRIGORIN (MR. AUBREY MATHER), LINDA (MISS MARY CLARE), KATE (MISS MARIE NEY), SUSAN (MISS ELSIE CLARK), TERESA (MISS EDNA BEST), LEWIS DODD (MR. NOEL COWARD), AND ANTONIA (MISS ELISSA LANDI)



ALL OVER BETWEEN FLORENCE AND LEWIS: (L. TO R.) TERESA SANGER (MISS EDNA BEST), FLORENCE CHURCHILL (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT), AND LEWIS DODD (MR. NOEL COWARD).



MISS EDNA BEST'S FINE ACTING IN THE DEATH SCENE: (L. TO R.) MME. MARXSE (MISS MARGARET YARDE), TERESA SANGER (MISS EDNA BEST), AND LEWIS DODD (MR. NOEL COWARD..



"THE CONSTANT NYMPH," AT THE NEW THEATRE: LEWIS ANNOUNCE HIS ENGAGEMENT—(L. TO R.) FLORENCE (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT), LEWIS (MR. NOEL COWARD), PAULINA (MISS HELEN SPENCER), AND TERESA (MISS EDNA BEST)



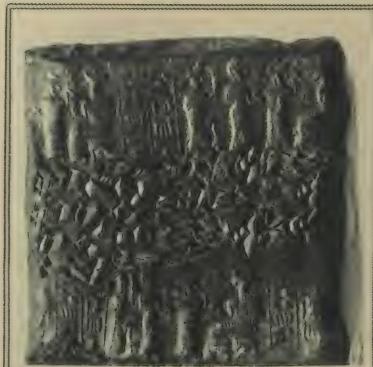
THE DEATH OF SANGER: (L. TO R.) PAULINA, ANTONIA, AND TERESA SANGER (MISSES HELEN SPENCER, ELISSA LANDI, AND EDNA BEST AND LINDA COWLAND (MISS MARY CLARE) IN "THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

A dramatised version of Miss Margaret Kennedy's famous novel, "The Constant Nymph," is being given at the New Theatre, and bids fair to be as popular as the book. The play is the work of the author in collaboration with Mr. Basil Dean. Those who know the story will remember that the scene is laid at first in the Tyrolean home of the Sanger family, known from its Bohemian character as "Sanger's Circus." Sanger himself, who was a great musician, does not

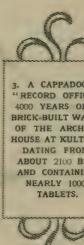
actually appear in the play, though his death is recorded. The plot concerns the love affairs of the younger generation. Sanger's daughter Teresa and his wife's niece, Florence Churchill, become rivals for the love of a young composer named Lewis Dodd. Miss Edna Best has made a great hit in the character of Teresa, showing tragic capabilities in the last scene. The acting of the rest of the company is also on a high level.

A "RECORD OFFICE" 4000 YEARS OLD: NEW MATERIALS

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FRÉDÉRIC HROZNY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE,



1. HOW LETTERS WERE SEALED 4000 YEARS AGO: AN INSCRIBED TABLET WITH SMALL RELIEFS IMPRINTED FROM THE SEALS OF WITNESSES OR THE SCRIBE AND ENCLOSED IN A CLAY "ENVELOPE."



3. A CAPPADOCIAN "RECORD OFFICE" TABLET OF CLAY WITH BRICK-BUILT WALLS OF THE ARCHIVE HOUSE AT KULTEPÉ, DATING FROM 2100 B.C., AND CONTAINING NEARLY 1000 TABLETS.



4. AMONG THE 1000 TABLETS PROVIDING MATERIAL FOR THE HISTORY OF ASIA MINOR'S EARLIEST CIVILISATION, TWO OF THOSE ENCLOSED IN CLAY "ENVELOPES."



5. THE USE OF "ENVELOPES" IN ANCIENT CAPPADOCIAN CORRESPONDENCE: TWO "LETTERS"—THAT ON THE RIGHT SHOWING A PARTIALLY BROKEN "ENVELOPE" CONTAINING A LARGE AND A SMALL TABLET.



6. WITH A LID BEARING IN RELIEF A MONKEY AS AN ANIMAL VENERATED AS A SYMBOL OF INTELLIGENCE: A SMALL TERRACOTTA BOX FOR HOLDING TABLETS (SIZE INDICATED BY THE GLASS AND CAMERA-CASE).

2. PROVING THAT COPIES OF BUSINESS LETTERS WERE KEPT 4000 YEARS AGO: A COPY OF ONE FROM THE KEEPER OF THE ARCHIVES AT KULTEPÉ, FOUND IN THE ARCHIVE HOUSE.

FOR THE HISTORY OF ASIA MINOR'S EARLIEST CIVILISATION.

DIRECTOR OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN ASIA MINOR.



7. AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF ANIMAL SCULPTURE AMONG THE ANCIENT CAPPADOCIANS: A FRAGMENT OF POTTERY WITH AN ANIMAL FIGURE IN RELIEF.



8. EXAMPLES OF POTTERY OF A TYPE QUITE NEW TO ARCHAEOLOGICAL SCIENCE: TWO OIL VASES FOUND AT KULTEPÉ.



9. BEARING SOME RESEMBLANCE TO A MODERN CLARET-JUG: A JAR OF REMARKABLY ELEGANT DESIGN, DATING FROM THE END OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM BEFORE CHRIST.



10. REMAINS OF A GREAT HITTITE CASTLE DESTROYED IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY B.C. BY NORTHERN INVADERS: HUGE WALLS OF STONE AND BRICK BEARING TRACES OF FIRE.



11. OF A TYPE UNEXPECTEDLY RELATED TO THE MINOAN POTTERY OF CRETE: THREE FINE VASES OF ABOUT 2100 B.C. DISCOVERED AT KULTEPÉ.



12. SUGGESTING THOSE IN WHICH THE "FORTY THIEVES" WERE HIDDEN: A JAR, ALMOST AS HIGH AS A MAN'S SHOULDERS, FROM GRECO-ROMAN DEPOSITS.

We illustrate here some of the remarkable discoveries made recently at Kultepe, in the east of Asia Minor, where an artificial mound covering the ancient city of Kanesh was excavated by Professor Hrozny, the distinguished Czechoslovakian archaeologist. His excavations are regarded by high authorities in the world of archaeology as being very important. The pottery is of a type hitherto quite unfamiliar, and closely (and unexpectedly) related to the Minoan. Professor Hrozny is himself the discoverer of the Indo-European language of the Hittites. His full notes on the above subjects, as numbered, are as follows: (1) Often the inscriptions, particularly the treaties, were enclosed in an envelope, similarly made of clay, like this inscription. The little reliefs are the imprints of the seals of witnesses or of the scribe. (2) A letter from the keeper of the House of Ilumith. This archive repository contained not only letters received, but copies of those sent out. (3) The walls are those of the Cappadocian archive-house, built of bricks. This house, dating from the end of the third millennium before Christ (about 2100 B.C.), contains correspondence, treaties, legal documents, and commercial books of the great Cappadocian merchants

who traded between Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Assyria. The Czechoslovakian Expedition found nearly 1000 tablets and fragments. This archive-house will help to write the history of the oldest civilisation in Asia Minor. It shows also that the city of Kanesh exercised a hegemony over the other towns of Cappadocia, which submitted to the rule of Assyria before the coming of the Hittites to Asia Minor. (4) Other tablets in envelopes. (5) The tablet on the right shows an envelope partly broken; inside may be seen a large and a small tablet enclosed. (6) Some tablets were contained in this little terra-cotta box, on which an ancient artist had represented in relief a monkey, the animal held sacred for its intelligence. (7) Fragment of a vase with a relief. (8) Two oil-vases. (9) A very elegant jar of the end of the third millennium B.C. (10) In the course of digging we found massive walls built of stone and brick, and scorched fine vases of about 2100 B.C. (12) A great jar found near the temple in the Greco-Roman deposits.

AT THE SIGN OF ST PAUL'S

By JOHN OWEN.

I WONDER whether it will occur to anybody to call attention to the fact that we are approaching the ninetieth anniversary of the Proclamation in India of Queen Victoria as Empress. The Proclamation was, of course, an achievement of the Oriental imagination of the greatest of Victorian Ministers. At the time, the new title found a good many critics. They asked, perhaps reasonably enough, whether we made our nation greater by diffusing the style with which we announced the sovereignty of its head; and probably the presentation in the character of an Empress of a woman, part of whose achievement had been to give the name of Queen a splendour of meaning that it never had before, was as unnecessary as it was made out to be. For Victoria was THE QUEEN, just as George V. is THE KING, in the remotest corner of our dominions. Let Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs and Romanoffs keep their memories of Imperial majesty! The House of Windsor needs it not. It is interesting, by the way, to notice in this connection that, while the exile at Doorn proclaimed himself "William I. and R.", our own King signs himself "R. and I."

Yet it is well to remember that Disraeli did not invent the British Empire, even if he used the style in order to inflate national self-consciousness. In the Act of Union "the Empire" is quite specifically diluted to: while long before that the ascription to these realms of dominion wider than that of a kingdom was sometimes hinted in official papers. To take one of the best examples, in the preamble to the Statute of Henry VIII. "for the Restraint of Appeals," we have this remarkable passage:

By divers old histories it is declared that this realm of England is an empire, governed by one supreme head and king, into whom a body politic, compact of all sorts and degrees of people, divided in terms and by names of spirituality and temporality, be bound to bear, next to God, a natural obedience."

There is a curious, innocent, melancholy harvest with which some of us come back to London. It is that harvest of legends, inscriptions, perhaps which, as we move about our country, we laboriously copy. A recent visit to the churchyard at Mold, Flintshire, resulted in my discovery of a genuine curiosity. Mold, by the way, lies near to the Roman lead-mines on Halkin Mountain. But my quest was the grave of Richard Wilson, our first great landscape painter. Wilson, one of the founder-members of the Royal Academy, died so long ago as 1782. Much of his life was passed in the lovely, but little-known, valley of the Leete, through which flows the Alyn, a river that has the knack of disappearing underground for several miles before showing itself again. It is claimed that there are but two others in the world that do this. The Leete attracted both Mendelssohn and Charles Kingsley, and a stone records the fact of their common delight in the beauty of its banks.

But, as the poet Gray might have said—exhibiting not less than his usual patience—to return to the churchyard. My original quest was the grave of Wilson, and quite easily I discovered that altar tomb, its inscription carefully repointed. Near it, however, I found on another tomb this curious legend, the echo of a tragedy of which who now knows anything?

"HERE

lies the body of John, son of William and Elinor Corbett, who was led by his pretended friends in Stockport near Manchester on a Dark night to a strange and Dangerous place and thrown into the Deep to be no more, but in his life was honest and sincere. God's word was his rule and guide.

Who departed this life
Feb. 22, 1822, aged 25."

The announcement that Madame Tussaud is to be got upon her feet once more will be good news to all of us with any memory of old pleasures. There must have been a time in our lives when Madame could give us what really seemed to us the time of our lives. We loved those comically garish Kings; those fatuous-looking groups of Ministers who, in their drab frock coats, had less the aspect of habitués of Downing Street than of the gentlemen who assist at the humbler sort of funerals. We loved, too,

that venerable figure of undiscoverable vitality suspected to be alive,

who, in the uniform of a Metropolitan policeman, stood in our path, and kept us there speculating as to whether, presently, his arm would descend upon our shoulder.

But of course our fullest devotion we gave to another company which, incidentally, we could only enjoy by the sacrifice of a further sixpence. In the Chamber of Horrors we really found what we came to see. We had consumed one spectacle after another following our entry knowing that that *bonne bouche* awaited us at the end. We knew very well what we had gone for—not to deplore King John, nor to venerate Elizabeth or Mr. Gladstone, but to meet Mr. Charles Peace. In an extraordinary degree that monarch of the darkness was king and ruled. No later-sprung pretender, no Maybrick, nor Crippen—hero of Lord Birkenhead's newest pages—could usurp his place. He was truly Charles the First, as celebrated for his conviction and execution as the other Charles.

attention. The newspapers devoted whole pages of a day's issue, first to reporting the trial, and later to the theme, once beloved of the local Press in such circumstances, "The Demeanour of the Condemned." People collected in crowds to discuss the business from end to end. A great opportunity was presented to Mr. Allsop. Did he fail? That he did not let the following show—

"CAPTAIN ROGERS AND HIS TWO MATES,
as large as life, are just added to

ALLSOP'S WAXWORKS EXHIBITION.

... These being the only models taken from the Originals, are alone to be depended upon for accuracy.

MR. A. HAS OBTAINED FROM CALCRAFT THE CLOTHES IN WHICH CAPTAIN ROGERS WAS ATTIRED WHEN HE WAS EXECUTED."

After this the following must have seemed to Mr. Allsop something in the nature of an anti-climax—

"MUTINIES IN INDIA.
NANA SAHIB."

A full length and correct likeness of the above Monster is now added to ALLSOP'S ROYAL WAXWORKS EXHIBITION."

That great showman, Artemus Ward, was in the line of Mr. Allsop. "By perchesun I'm an exhibitor of wax-works and sich." And most obligingly Artemus tells us how it is done—

"I write these lines on British sile. I've bin follerin' Mrs. Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a pecooney pint of view, I've learnt sumthin new, over hear on British sile, where they bleeve in Saint George and the Dragoon. Previs to coming over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittannia and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmund Hed the Govn-Ginal. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytle wax statoot I ever saw. I've shod it as Wm. Penn, Napoleon Bonaparte, Juke of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham, and varis other noted persons, and also for a sertin pirut named Hix."

"I've been so long amung wax statoots that I can fix 'em up to soot the taste of folks, and with sum paints I hav I kin giv their facis a benevolent or fiendish look as the kase requires. I giv Sir Edmund Hed a benevolent look, and when sum folks who thaws they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmund Hed any more than it did anybody else, I sed, 'That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmund Hed or any other man. You may kall it what you please. . . . I kall it Sir Edmund Hed."

When Lincoln called his Cabinet together to issue the Emancipation proclamation, before the serious business of the meeting began he relieved the strain by reading to his Ministers one of Ward's waxworks stories, identified by Lord Charnwood and others as the "High-handed Outrage at Utica"—though some people claim that the passage was not Ward's at all. Charles Leland (Hans Breitmann), in his Life of Lincoln published in 1879, quotes Bret Harte as having said that what Lincoln read was "The Comic Papers of Orpheus C. Kerr" (office-seeker). But whatever the source may have been, we are informed that Stanton disapproved of his master's frivolity.

The name of the humourist (if, indeed, there was one) to whom Lord Oxford resorted to relieve the tension put upon his Cabinet after its decision to accept the German challenge in 1914 has not, unfortunately, been made known to us. But if, in these circumstances, Asquith did play Lincoln we can imagine who played Stanton.



Queen Elizabeth visits St. Paul's in State on Nov. 24th 1588 to return thanks for the victory over the Armada.



THE ROYAL AERO CLUB'S TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY: A SOUVENIR OF ITS FOUNDATION DURING A BALLOON ASCENT IN 1901—MR. F. HEDGES BUTLER (THE FOUNDER, IN FRONT), WITH HIS DAUGHTER (NOW MRS. ILTID NICHOLL), THE LATE HON. C. S. ROLLS (RIGHT), AND THE LATE MR. STANLEY SPENCER, AERONAUT—AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH.

The Royal Aero Club was founded, very appropriately, in the air, on September 24, 1901. On that day Mr. F. Hedges Butler, his daughter, Miss Vera Butler (now the wife of Colonel H. Iltid Nicholl), and the late Hon. C. S. Rolls, went up in a balloon piloted by the late Mr. Stanley Spencer. While they were drifting towards Sidcup Park, Kent, Mr. Hedges Butler suggested they should form an Aero Club, and the proposal was carried unanimously. "Such," he writes, "was the small beginning of the Royal Aero Club for heavier-than-air machines, which in due time became the godparent of the Flying Corps, afterwards the Royal Flying Corps, and now the Royal Air Force. All the early pioneers in the Army and Navy learned to fly on machines belonging to members of the Club, because the Army and Navy did not then own a single aeroplane. Pilot certificates were also obtained through the Club, and the airmen had the use of our ground in the Isle of Sheppey in 1910."

Those of us whose infant feet did not often bear us to the enjoyment of these encounters probably remember, if not Madame Tussaud's, some other entertainment of the same sort. There was one very well known in the North of England which had, as its precursor, an attractive institution known as Allsop's Waxworks. It was probably better known and appreciated in the days of our grandfathers than it was later, when it had to contend for public favour with more sophisticated pleasures.

But in its own time it must have been a great show. The proprietor certainly seems to have been most painstaking in his efforts to meet the tastes of his patrons. I have been looking at some of his advertisements published in the local newspapers during the year 1857, when there were some remarkable opportunities for the display of his peculiar and ingenious talent. In that year, for instance, there was executed for murder on the high seas the celebrated Captain Rogers. The case attracted enormous

COAST-DWELLING DUCKS THAT BREED IN RABBIT BURROWS.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY CAPTAIN BARRETT TALBOT KELLY, M.C., R.I. SHOWN AT THE 1926 SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS



OF the sheldrakes we read in "The Royal Natural History":—"The handsomest and, in Europe, the best-known representative of the genus is the common sheldrake, or burrow duck, which is sufficiently characterised by the head and neck being dark glossy green, below which is a broad collar of white, followed by a band of rich chestnut extending across the back and breast; the remainder of the plumage being mainly black and white, with the speculum of the wing marked by green and chestnut on the secondaries. The beak is red, while the legs and toes are flesh-pink. The usual length is about 25 inches. This sheldrake is an inhabitant of the temperate regions of the northern half of the Old World, being a resident throughout the year in the British Islands. . . . From Britain its range extends to Japan. . . . It is essentially a coast-bird in Europe. . . . On the coasts of Europe these birds prefer sandy districts, especially those with numerous rabbit-burrows, in which they breed, and hence derive their name of burrow-duck."

"SHELD-DUCK": A STRIKING STUDY OF FLIGHT AND PLUMAGE,
BY CAPTAIN BARRETT TALBOT KELLY, M.C., R.I.

CASTLES FROM THE AIR: SCENES OF AUTUMN HOLIDAY PILGRIMAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AFROFILMS, LTD., THE LONDON AERODROME, HENDON.



ARUNDEL CASTLE
FROM THE AIR:
THE ANCESTRAL
HOME OF THE
DUKES OF
NORFOLK,
REBUILT IN 1791
AMID THE RUINS
OF A NORMAN
STRONGHOLD
DISMANTLED
DURING THE
CIVIL WAR.



"THAT
SUPREMEST SEAT
OF THE GREAT
ENGLISH KINGS".
A REMARKABLE
PANORAMIC
AIR VIEW OF
WINDSOR CASTLE,
SHOWING THE
ROUND TOWER
IN THE CENTRE
AND ST. GEORGE'S
CHAPEL
ON THE LEFT.

The first Norman stronghold at Arundel was built by Roger de Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, who commanded the Norman centre in the Battle of Hastings. During the Civil War Arundel Castle was captured and recaptured several times. Finally it remained in the hands of the Parliament forces, and after the Battle of Worcester its fortifications were dismantled. Rebuilding began in 1791 and was completed about 1806.—Windsor Castle, which Michael Drayton called "that supremest seat of the great English Kings," stands on the site of a

hunting lodge built by William the Conqueror. The earliest existing masonry dates from the reign of Henry II. "That King," we read in "The English Castles," by E. B. D'Auvergne, "must be regarded as the builder of the castle. . . . Henry III. converted the castle into a palace. . . . But Windsor owes its present noble and kingly aspect mainly to the third Edward, who was born within its walls on November 13, 1312. . . . The establishment of the Order of the Garter seems to have taken place at Windsor on St. George's Day 1349."

THE TRAGEDY OF AN ATLANTIC FLIGHT: DISASTER AT THE START.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL



LOADED WITH A GREATER WEIGHT THAN AN AEROPLANE HAS EVER CARRIED (28,860 LB.): THE GIANT SIKORSKY BIPLANE ON THE ROOSEVELT FIELD, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK, JUST BEFORE THE FATAL START OF THE ATTEMPTED FLIGHT TO PARIS.



THE FLAMES IN WHICH TWO MEMBERS OF THE CREW PERISHED: THE AEROPLANE ON FIRE AFTER THE CRASH, WHEN 2000 GALLONS OF PETROL WERE IGNITED BY THE HOT EXHAUST PIPES OF THE ENGINE.



AFTER THE FIRE HAD BURNT ITSELF OUT: RECOVERING FROM THE WRECKAGE THE REMAINS OF M. ISLAMOFF, A RUSSIAN, AND M. CHARLES CLAVIER, THE FRENCH WIRELESS OPERATOR.

The attempt to fly direct across the Atlantic from New York to Paris ended in disaster at the very outset. The giant Sikorsky aeroplane, piloted by Captain Fonck, a distinguished French war airman, crashed into a gully at the end of the mile-long runway at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, just after it had started for the flight, and burst into flames. Captain Fonck himself, and the navigator of the machine, Lieutenant Lawrence Curtin, a well-known American airman, managed to jump clear, and escaped with minor injuries

but the other two members of the crew—M. Charles Clavier (a French wireless operator), and M. Islamoff, a Russian—were trapped in the fuselage and perished in the flames. One of the landing-wheels had struck the ground as the machine was dashing along the runway at sixty miles an hour. Captain Fonck said afterwards: "I tried to slow down, and then, realising that this was useless as the gully was too close, I opened up the engines again. I hoped to get into the air, but it could not be done."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., TOPICAL, C.N., AND THE "TIMES."



UNVEILED BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR VICTOR COUPER (SEEN IN THE PICTURE): THE YPRES SALIENT MEMORIAL TO THE 14TH DIVISION.



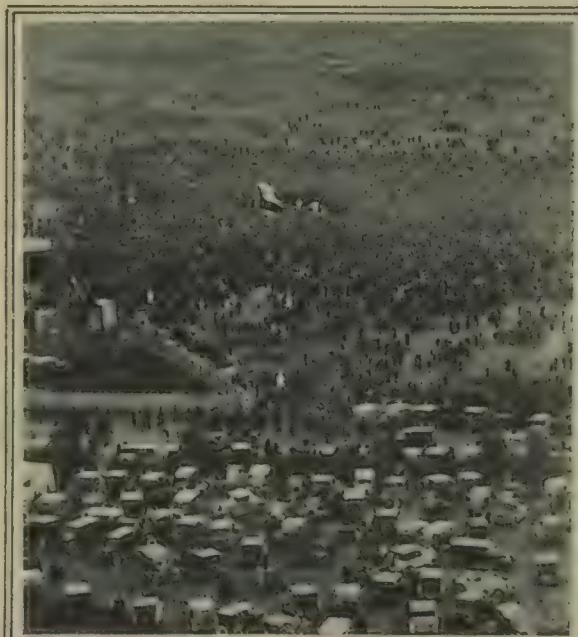
THE YOUNGER SON OF PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES: THE HON. GERALD DAVID LASCELLES.



ARMOUR FOR THE POLICEMAN: A NEW GERMAN INVENTION SHOWN AT THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE EXHIBITION IN BERLIN.



SOLD FOR £55,000: THE FAMOUS GUTENBERG BIBLE WHICH BELONGED TO THE CONVENT OF ST. PAUL AT LAVANT.



AUSTRALIA'S INTEREST IN MR. ALAN COBHAM'S GREAT FLIGHT: A DENSE CROWD THRONGING ROUND HIS AEROPLANE AT ESSENDON.

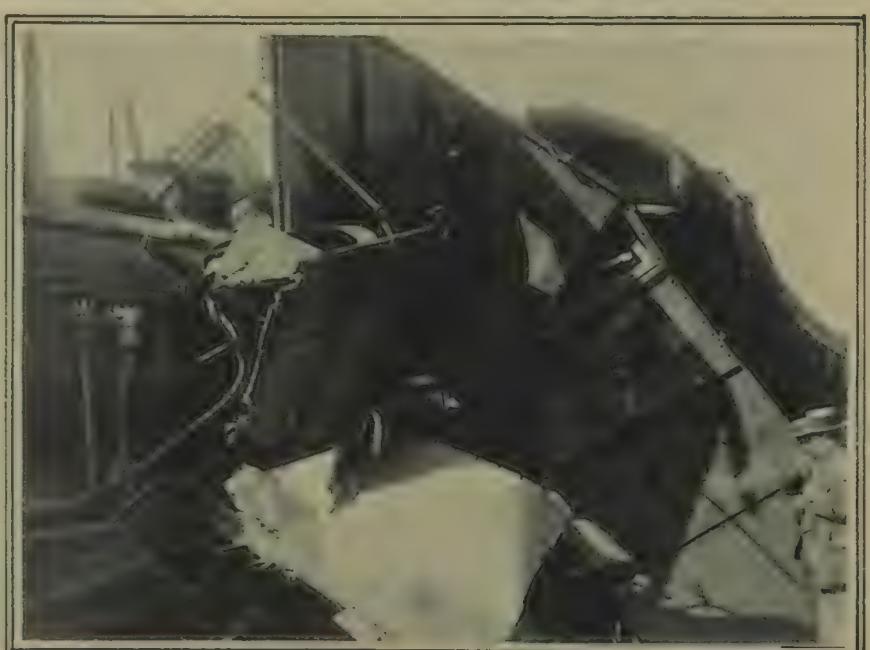


COAL AT A HARVEST FESTIVAL: A LARGE BLOCK IN A NOTTINGHAMSHIRE VILLAGE CHURCH, AFTERWARDS DISTRIBUTED TO THE POOR.



A FRENCH RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN WHICH A BRITISH PASSENGER WAS KILLED: TWO WRECKED CARRIAGES AT VULAINES, NEAR FONTAINEBLEAU.

The 14th (Light) Division Memorial was unveiled in "Railway Wood," near Ypres, where the division first went into action in 1915.—Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles has two sons, the Hon. George Henry Hubert, who was born in February 1923, and the Hon. Gerald David, who was born in August 1924.—A new "suit of armour" for the protection of police engaged in tracking criminals has been designed in Germany, and consists of a bullet-proof breast and head plate.—The Benedictine Abbey of St. Paul at Lavant has sold its "42 lines" Gutenberg vellum Bible to Dr. Otto Vollbehr, of New York, for £55,000. It is believed that this is the highest price ever paid for any book.—Enormous



THE FRENCH RAILWAY COLLISION AT VULAINES: THE ENGINE OF THE SECOND TRAIN WHICH CRASHED INTO SOME STATIONARY COACHES.

crowds gathered to welcome Mr. Cobham on his arrival at Essendon, near Melbourne. He was unable to keep up with the applications for his autograph, for which he charged 2s., in order to assist Central Australian aviation services.—A novel feature of the Harvest Festival in a Notts mining village was the display of a half-ton block of coal in the Parish Church. It was subsequently broken up and given to the poor.—Five passengers were killed and twenty-two injured in the collision between two express trains from Lyons which occurred on September 23 near Fontainebleau. A portrait of Mr. Allan Blackie, an Englishman who was among the killed, appears on page 612.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF INTERESTING EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., C.N., WOLF (ROTTERDAM), THE "TIMES," AND BARRATT.



HOARDED GOLD AND SILVER BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN FRANCE BY THE OFFER OF A GOOD RATE OF EXCHANGE: A CROWD BESIEGING THE BANK OF FRANCE TO EXCHANGE THEIR COINS FOR NOTES.



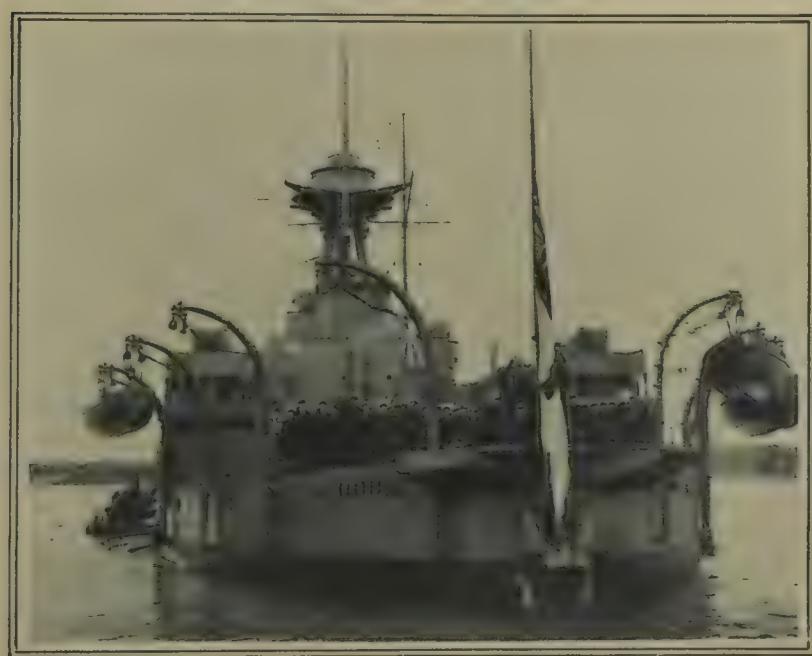
A "MARNE" TAXI FOR AMERICA: ONE OF THE FAMOUS TAXIS WHICH CONVEYED TROOPS FROM PARIS TO THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE LEAVING THE RENAULT WORKS FOR PHILADELPHIA.



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AT THE OPENING OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT: HER MAJESTY ON THE STEPS OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, WITH THE STATE CARRIAGE AWAITING HER.



TO BE UNVEILED BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON OCTOBER 16: THE GUARDS MEMORIAL ERECTED ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE—A MODEL OF THE MONUMENT.



H.M.S. "EREBUS" COMMISSIONED AT DEVONPORT AS A NEW CADET TRAINING SHIP: CADETS SALUTING AS THE COLOURS ARE HOISTED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

A law has been passed permitting the Bank of France to give 114 francs in exchange for a 20-franc gold piece, in order to induce people to bring from their hiding-places the many millions of gold and silver coins which French people were believed to be hoarding.—The Americans have acquired one of the famous Paris taxis which conveyed the troops of General Gallieni's army from Paris to the Battle of the Marne. It will be placed in the American Legion Museum in Philadelphia.—The Queen of Holland made the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the new Session of the Dutch Parliament on September 21. There



BLACKPOOL AND THE EMERGENCY LIGHTING REGULATIONS: THE BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED PROMENADE, THE SUBJECT OF A COMMUNICATION FROM THE MINES DEPARTMENT.

have lately been some mutinous disturbances in two Dutch garrison towns—Assen and Ede.—The unveiling of the Guards Division Memorial on the Horse Guards Parade by the Duke of Connaught will take place on October 16.—The monitor "Erebus" has been commissioned as a special entry cadet training ship, in place of H.M.S. "Thunderer," which is to be scrapped under the Washington Treaty.—The Mines Department raised an objection to the brilliant illumination of the three-mile promenade at Blackpool, which is officially regarded as a definite waste of electricity under existing conditions.

AMERICA'S "WINTER PLAYGROUND" RECENTLY DEVASTATED BY A GREAT HURRICANE: MIAMI FROM THE AIR.

FROM AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD B. HOTI TAKEN AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 7000 FT.



MIAMI BEFORE THE DISASTER: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE DOCKS AND SKYSCRAPERS, AND THE TWO CAUSEWAYS, WITH ARTIFICIAL ISLANDS, LEADING TO MIAMI BEACH.

The death-roll at Miami from the great hurricane that swept over Southern Florida on September 18 happily proved to have been smaller than was first reported, but the damage to property was enormous. A message from Miami of September 23 stated that about 100 lives were lost there, while the material damage was estimated at £20,000,000. The chief sufferers at Miami were occupants of light timber dwellings; the skyscrapers and well-built houses escaped with minor damage. Coral Gables, the millionaires' suburb, was almost unscathed, save for trees and telegraph poles blown down. At the same time it was stated that the casualty list was increasing as the waters of Biscayne Bay gave up their dead. During a lull in the storm hundreds of people from Miami and Miami Beach (which is connected with it by two causeways, and is known as "America's Gold Coast") had

ventured out in bathing-suits, and when the second and severest phase of the storm came many were swept off the causeways by a huge wall of water. The whole of Miami Beach was submerged, to a depth of about 3 ft. In the above photograph, Miami is in the foreground and Miami Beach in the top background. The left-hand causeway, with its string of artificial islands, is known as the Venetian Way, and that on the right the County Causeway. Just to the right of the mainland end of the Venetian Way are the City Docks, and further to the right, on the water front, is the New City Park. In the right foreground is the Miami River. In the left background, between Miami and Miami Beach, is Biscayne Bay. Beyond Miami Beach is the open Atlantic. Actual photographs of the havoc caused by the disaster appear elsewhere in this number.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT FLORIDA HURRICANE: SCENES

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED

OF HAVOC AT MIAMI, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN WINTER RESORT.

BY TOPICAL.



EVIDENCE OF THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE WIND: A BIG MOTOR-CAR BLOWN ON ITS SIDE IN NORTH-EAST FIRST STREET, MIAMI.



EFFECTS OF THE HURRICANE AT MIAMI BEACH, WHICH WAS SUBMERGED TO A DEPTH OF THREE FEET: HUGS TREES BLOWN DOWN.



A FAVOURITE BATHING RESORT AFTER THE HURRICANE: THE ROMAN POOLS AT MIAMI BEACH, AND A DAMAGED WINDMILL.



IN THE BUSINESS QUARTER OF MIAMI AFTER THE HURRICANE: A SCENE IN FLAGLER STREET, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES OF THE TOWN.

These photographs afford a vivid idea of the enormous damage done at Miami by the great hurricane which devastated southern Florida on September 18. An air-view of the town and its off-shore suburb, Miami Beach, with which it is connected by causeways, is given on another double-page in this number. After the disaster, relief work was undertaken with great vigour, and hundreds of injured people were placed in temporary hospitals. Great efforts are being made



MIAMI FLOODED BY THE HURRICANE: THE WATERS OF BISCAYNE BAY COVERING THE BAY SHORE DRIVE, THE CENTRE OF WHICH IS MARKED BY THE ROWING-BOAT SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND—SHOWING ALSO (ON THE LEFT) A GROUP OF PALM-TREES STRIPPED BY THE WIND.



SHOWING HOUSEBOATS AND OTHER CRAFT OVERTURNED AND WRECKAGE FLOATING ON THE STREAM: A VIEW OF MIAMI RIVER AFTER THE HURRICANE, WITH SOME OF THE SKYSCRAPERS ON THE OPPOSITE BANK.

to repair the damage at Miami in readiness for the winter season. Recent reports said that about 850 people had been seriously hurt in the Miami area, and about 25,000 were homeless, some 5000 houses having been destroyed or rendered uninhabitable. Over 1000 tents had been supplied as temporary shelters. By September 23, the telegraph wires had been repaired, and some 50,000 messages from anxious friends poured into Miami.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHMIDT (MANCHESTER), L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, G.P.U., PHOTOPRESS, ALEXANDER CORBETT, P. AND A., AND TOPICAL.

PRES. OF THE CHURCH
CONGRESS : DR. DAVID,
BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.REFUTED AT GENEVA :
MR. CHU CHAO HSIN,
CHINA'S DELEGATE.NEXT CHAIRMAN OF
THE T.U.C. :
MR. GEORGE HICKS.NEW LORD MAYOR OF
LONDON : SIR ROW-
LAND BLADES, M.P.KILLED IN A SURREY
AIR-CRASH : COM-
MANDER R. A. BURG.KILLED IN A FRENCH
RAILWAY ACCIDENT :
MR. ALLAN BLACKIE.WINNER OF THE BIG INTERNATIONAL
MOTOR RACE AT BROOKLANDS : MAJOR
H. O. D. SEGRAVE, AT THE WHEEL.DOING A RECORD SWIM FROM DOVER TO RAMSGATE : MRS. L. R.
WIEDMAN, WHO IS THE MOTHER OF TWO CHILDREN.A FAMOUS LONDON VICAR RESIGNING
THROUGH ILL-HEALTH : THE REV.
H. R. L. SHEPPARD, OF ST. MARTIN'S.A ROYAL BETROTHAL : THE CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD
OF BELGIUM AND PRINCESS ASTRID OF SWEDEN, IN
STOCKHOLM.THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA LEAVES FOR HIS POST : VISCOUNT WILLINGDON
(CENTRE), WITH LADY WILLINGDON (FOURTH FROM LEFT) AND HIS STAFF, ABOARD THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPEROR OF SCOTLAND," AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Dr. David, Bishop of Liverpool, is to preside at the Church Congress in Southport this month.—Mr. Chu Chao Hsin, the Chinese delegate to the League of Nations at Geneva, recently made in the Assembly fantastic charges against the British Naval force on the Yangtze, regarding the Wanhsien incident. Lord Cecil refuted them.—Mr. George Hicks is General Secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers.—Sir Rowland Blades, to whose election as Lord Mayor, it was stated, there would be no opposition, is Chairman of Messrs. Blades, East and Blades, Ltd., printers, publishers, and wholesale stationers, of Abchurch Lane, and is M.P.-Unionist for Epsom.—Commander R. A. Burg was Assistant Naval Attaché (Aviation) at the American Embassy. He died in Purley Cottage

Hospital from injuries in an aeroplane crash near Caterham on September 21.—Mr. Allan Blackie, who was killed in the French railway collision near Fontainebleau, was a representative of Lunn's Travel Agency.—Major Segrave is the well-known racing motorist.—Mrs. Lilian Rose Wiedman swam from Dover Breakwater to Ramsgate sands in 6½ hours.—The Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields since 1914, recently had to enter a nursing home at Broadstairs.—In the "Empress of Scotland" group the figures are (l. to r.) Mrs. Osborne, Lord Hardinge, Mr. R. B. Osborne, Lady Willingdon, Captain Gilles, Captain Latta, Lord Willingdon, Captain Jarvis, Mr. Dring, Mrs. Snow, Captain C. Price Davies, Captain Greenway, and Staff-Captain Ronald Stuart, V.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: A STRIKING "STORY PICTURE."

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR CRABTREE, SHOWN AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1926, AT THE GALLERIES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 5A, PALL MAIL EAST.



"THE NIGHT SUMMONS."

Autumn Days

are
motoring
days!

THREE is health in Autumn motoring. The air is keen and fresh, and nothing is quite so joyous as the foliage in the Autumn. Motoring to-day is within the reach of almost every man and woman. Cars are inexpensive to buy and motoring is rapidly becoming a national habit. Modern tyre construction has had a lot to do, not only with the pleasure and safety of motoring, but with its present economy. If your car is fitted with Dunlop Tyres you will know how true this is. Their extraordinary mileage is commented upon by motorists everywhere.

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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD.

C.F.H.
897

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

"Digging" for Dinosaurs: The Fossil-Finders.

"ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN." By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS.*

WHEN Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews met the Mongolian Cabinet he was asked to do his best to capture a specimen of the deadly *allergorhai-horhai*. "I doubt," he notes, "whether any of my scientific readers can identify this animal. I could, because I had heard of it often. None of those present ever had seen the creature, but they all firmly believed in its existence and described it minutely. It is shaped like a sausage about two feet long, has no head nor legs, and is so poisonous that merely to touch it means instant death. It lives in the most desolate parts of the Gobi Desert, whither we were going. To the Mongols it seems to be what the dragon is to the Chinese. The Premier said that, although he had never seen it himself, he knew a man who

To return: Dr. Berkey found some bones. Mr. Granger examined them, puzzled, especially by one of them, for he could not make it anything but reptilian. Then a second discovery. Berkey pointed to Granger, "who was on his knees, working at something with a camel's-hair brush. 'Take a look at that and see what you make of it,' he said.

"I saw a great bone beautifully preserved and outlined in the rock," writes Dr. Andrews. "There was no doubt this time; it was reptilian, and, moreover, *dinosaur*.

"It means," said Dr. Berkey, "that we are standing on Cretaceous strata of the upper part of the Age of Reptiles—the first Cretaceous strata, and the first dinosaur ever discovered in Asia north of the Himalaya Mountains!"

At the same time there were dug out teeth that could belong only to the titanotheres, a big beast, superficially resembling the rhinoceroses, but more closely related to the tapirs, which became extinct three or four million years ago. And "no titanotheres had been discovered outside America, with the possible exception of a doubtful fragment from Austria!" This was of the utmost importance. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn says of it: "The initial discovery in the Gobi Desert of the presence of fossil quadrupeds, christened 'Titanotheres' (or beasts of gigantic size) when discovered in South Dakota, in 1852, gave an answer to one of the four great questions which the expedition undertook to solve—namely, whether ancient Asia was the mother of the life of Europe to the far west and of North America to the far east. It was a realisation similar to the discovery of a paleontologic Garden of Eden—of the birthplace or Asiatic homeland from which many kinds of reptiles and mammals spread westward and eastward."

The vicinities of Iren Dabasu and Wild Ass Camp, near Loh, in the

Tsagan Nor basin, provided the next treasure trove—nothing less than remains of an unknown tree-browsing rhinoceros which was afterwards named *Baluchitherium mongolicum*, a creature which stood over thirteen feet at the shoulders, "and in reaching up for food his head may have attained a height of between seventeen and eighteen feet above the ground." At about the same period came a perfect dinosaur skeleton, *Protoguanodon*, "a small species—about six feet long—and even the tiny bones of the whip-lash tail were beautifully preserved."

Followed: "The ancestor of the Ceratopsians, a group of great horned dinosaurs of unknown ancestry, which were known only from America." This was called *Protoceratops*, and Professor Osborn comments: "It represents a new species, a new genus, a new family, and possibly a new sub-order of reptiles. Thus from the scientific standpoint the discovery of this diminutive reptile is even more epoch-making than that of the *Baluchitherium*."

Then the dinosaur eggs, the "finds" at the Flaming Cliffs, that most attracted public attention (and were duly illustrated in our issues of Dec. 15, 1923, and Jan. 9 and 16, 1926). Think of the romance of it! "Ten million years ago, a goblin-like creature stood on the edge of a shallow basin in what is now called Mongolia. Its great round eyes stared unblinkingly from a thin, hatchet face, ending in a hooked beak. Its head sloped up and back into a circular bony frill, which formed a solid

armature over the neck and fore-shoulders. Low in front and high behind, with its nine-foot body ending in a thick tail, it seemed like a horrid, nightmare fantasy. Slowly it waddled down the slope and settled itself into the red sand. And there in the hollow it left twenty elliptical white eggs, fated, though warmed by the sun's rays, never to be hatched."

Ten million years—and the Central Asiatic Expedition came. Four of the eggs were still intact, despite the drift of sediment that had covered them, and the wind and the frost and the rain that had exposed them. "We realised," says the chronicler, "that we were looking at the first dinosaur eggs ever seen by a human being. We could hardly believe our eyes, but, even though we tried to account for them in every possible way as geological phenomena, there was no shadow of doubt that they really were eggs. That they must be those of a dinosaur we felt certain. True enough, it never was known before that dinosaurs did lay eggs, but, since most modern reptiles are oviparous, it was considered probable that their ancient ancestors followed this method of reproduction. . . . These eggs could not be those of a bird. No birds are known from the Lower Cretaceous, the geological horizon in which the eggs were found, and all the Jurassic and Upper Cretaceous birds were much too small to have laid eggs of this size. The elongate shape of the eggs is distinctly reptilian." A great day, in truth!

Near by was the skeleton of a small dinosaur. "It was a toothless species, and we believe that it may have been overtaken by a sandstorm in the very act of robbing the dinosaur nest. Professor Osborn has named it *Oviraptor* (the egg-seizer) *philoceratops* signifying "fondness for ceratopsian eggs."

After that the slogan was "Bigger and Better Eggs"; and it was answered most satisfactorily, although the seekers, having found that a drilled fragment of a dinosaur egg-shell had been worn by an Old Stone Age Dune-dweller of Shabarakh Usu, decided to abandon their claim to have been the first human beings to see a dinosaur's eggs!

After all, it was of no consequence. What did matter were the fresh fossils, fossils so fine and so numerous that they exhibited "a complete developmental series of *Protoceratops*," from egg to embryo, and so to baby, youth, and nine-foot-long adult; nests of eggs, "singles, whole ones, broken eggs, big ones and little ones; eggs with smooth, paper-thin shells, eggs with thick striated shells"; eggs "almost perfectly elliptical and about nine inches long . . . nearly the shape of a loaf of French bread."

"The Flaming Cliffs must have been a great dinosaur incubator."



"ANDREWSCARCHUS, A HUGE CARNIVOROUS CREODONT": A RESTORATION DRAWING BY E. M. FULDA.

Reproduced from "On the Trail of Ancient Man." By Roy Chapman Andrews. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Who will now cavil at the fact that *allergorhai-horhai* fought shy of the intruders into his lair? Possibly the Mongolian Cabinet; certainly not the readers of this remarkable and fascinating "preliminary narrative" of the field work of those who adventured forth in Asia on the treasure-yielding trail of ancient man.

E. H. G.

* On the Trail of Ancient Man: A Narrative of the Field Work of the Central Asiatic Expeditions." By Roy Chapman Andrews, Sc.D., Leader of the Central Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History in co-operation with *Asia Magazine*. With an Introduction and a Chapter by Henry Fairfield Osborn, President, American Museum of Natural History. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 25s. net.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

NO royalties who have come to England in troubled times have been more welcome than the Belgian royal children were, when they made their home here during the early years of the war. Because of that memory and because of the high esteem in which the nation holds King Albert and his heroic Queen, the news of their son's engagement to Princess Astrid of Sweden is of more than usual interest. It is pleasant to know that Prince Leopold is marrying a girl who is so likely to become popular in his country. During the last few years the tendency has been for royal ladies to be more closely associated with the general social life of their countries than they used to be. They travel more, take more interest in general affairs of the day, and enjoy their freedom to take a more or less active part in social work. Nowadays the girl who marries the heir to a throne becomes a very busy and sometimes an over-worked woman, but she need never be bored.

Princess Astrid, who is only twenty-one, is well equipped for her new life. She has had a democratic upbringing, and was sent to a school where she received the education of the ordinary Swedish girl of the upper classes. Conforming to Swedish royal tradition, she has had special training in nursing and all domestic subjects, and has also taken special interest in music and art. She is said to be a very good dancer. The Princess has visited London on several occasions. The last time was about a year ago, when she stayed here for a few days on her way back to Sweden from the Continent.



TO LEAVE ENGLAND FOR INDIA:
LADY HARINGTON.
Photograph by Bassano.

Lady Harington will be greatly missed by the people of Yorkshire when her husband, Sir Charles Harington, who has for three years been Commander-in-Chief at York, leaves to take up his new post in India. They are both extremely popular among all classes of society, and the General has always been held in great affection by his men. Lady Harington, who has accompanied her husband in many of his travels, comes of a military family: her father, Colonel O'Donnell Grattan, commanded the King's Liverpool Regiment, of which Sir Charles was at one time Adjutant.

It was in 1920 that General Harington was sent as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces to Constantinople, where his wife joined him in the following year. She was a delightful hostess in the home where they lived a little way from the city.

One of her guests records the fact that from the moment she arrived in Constantinople she became the moving spirit in all the entertainments throughout the garrison, and she carried on that work until, to the general regret, she was obliged by the diplomatic situation to return to

JUST BACK FROM AN INTERESTING VISIT TO CANADA: THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.
Photograph by Barratt.

England. This had its advantages, for she was able to be the first to welcome the General when he came back from his most distinguished work. Sir Charles and Lady Harington are fond of open-air life, so they have spent their holiday at Runswick Bay, where they camped out with a caravan which is an old home.

The Countess of Clarendon, who returned last week with Lord Clarendon and their family from an interesting visit to Canada, has a very busy time before her. She is the Honorary Hospitality Secretary for the great women's conference that is to be held in London in the middle of October. Nearly eight hundred delegates from a large number of affiliated societies are coming from all parts of the country to attend what is often described as the "women's parliament," the annual conference of the National Council of Women. This always entails a vast amount of work for the executive, and for the local hospitality committee in the town where the conference is held. As it is to be in London this year, members of the executive, of whom Lady Clarendon is one, take their share in arranging for the entertainment. The chief reception will be held at the Wharncliffe Rooms, and there is also to be a luncheon at which Dean Inge will speak. Several of the women's clubs, including the Forum and the Lyceum, are arranging to entertain a certain number of delegates at an evening reception or at luncheon, and many of the numerous small parties who are going sightseeing in London, or to historic places on the outskirts, have been invited to tea in historic rooms. Mrs. Creighton will be a hostess at Hampton Court, where she has apartments; Lady Bertha Dawkins at Kensington Palace, and Dame Millicent Fawcett at the Temple.

The news of the engagement of Miss Gloria Rodd to Mr. Simon Elwes will interest a very wide circle. Mr. Elwes is the son of the late Mr. Gervase Elwes, the famous singer, and of Lady Winefride Elwes, Lord Denbigh's sister; and Miss Gloria Rodd is the second daughter of Sir Rennell Rodd, who was one of England's most popular Ambassadors. Both these young people have inherited and been trained to a love of art and of beautiful things, and both have friends in many countries. Miss Gloria Rodd spent

happy years as a child at the British Legation in Sweden, and at the Embassy in Rome, where for eleven years her father was Ambassador.

Lady Rodd is a clever sculptor, and during her early married life used to devote half her time to her art. Three of her works were exhibited at the Academy. Afterwards, her official duties left her little time for this, but she discovered a talent for arranging wonderful entertainments. People still remember the brilliant ball given at the Embassy in Rome a year before the war, when the various groups, magnificently dressed, represented the pageant of the ages. During the war Lady Rodd was active in practical schemes for helping the wounded — one of her successful ideas was to open a shop where all sorts of artistic things were sold for their benefit—and when they left Italy, the King marked his appreciation of her work by presenting her with the medal for auxiliary services in gold.

The announcement that the Hon. Lily Montagu had preached at a Jewish service on the most solemn day has aroused much interest among those who did not know that the liberal section of the Jewish Church recognises the complete equality of women. It was not an innovation, however, for Miss Montagu has been a lay preacher for eleven years. She is a sister of the present Lord Swaythling, and is a woman of great ability, sound judgment, and wide interests. She is also one of those rare people who

can attend a conference or committee meeting dealing with some subject on which she has expert knowledge, and not feel called in to utter a word, unless there is strong reason for it. Then she would do it in a



SO CELEBRATED AS MME. CÉCILE SOREL:
THE COMTESSE GUILLAUME DE SÉUR.

Mme. Cécile Sorel, the famous French actress, married a short time ago the Comte Guillaume de Séur, a member of a well-known French family.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

tentative manner, though her opinion is valued by all women who are interested in the welfare of working women and girls. For many years Miss Montagu has devoted herself to that object, and has served on many committees. More than sixteen years ago she founded the club for Jewish girls which is now known as the West Central Girls' Club, and it was there that she started a class for making artificial flowers, which has since developed into an independent and flourishing industry.

The club has a handsome building of its own near Tottenham Court Road, with ample room for its many groups and activities. It should long ago have served as the model for girls' clubs in other parts of London and in other towns, but so far it is unmatched. A centre for working girls of every type, it provides recreation and mental stimulus for hundreds of factory girls and for students. Many of the young girls studying music or art in London delight in the opportunities afforded to them at the club, and the young actresses take a keen interest in the work of the dramatic section and the club theatre.



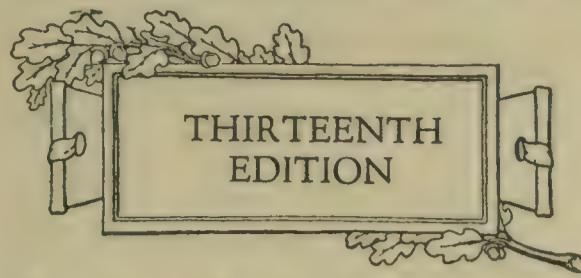
ENGAGED TO MR. SIMON ELWES:
MISS GLORIA RODD.
Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York are to attend the ball at Australia House on Oct. 29 in aid of the fund for a memorial to the nurses of the British Empire who sacrificed their lives during the Great War. Dame Mary Cook has been devoting her energies to the work of organisation for months, and will resume her task when she returns from Geneva.

Dame Melba has given her help, and so have Lord and Lady Chelmsford, who have very pleasant memories of their stay in Australia when Lord Chelmsford was Governor of Queensland and of New South Wales. The Premier of the Australian Commonwealth and Mrs. Bruce, who will be in England for the Imperial Conference, have promised their support.



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1926

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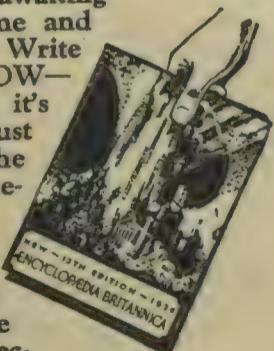
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Fashions & Fancies

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER IN THE LIFE OF A FROCK TO-DAY, AND THERE ARE MANY SUBTLE DIFFERENCES OF MATERIAL AND TRIMMING WHICH BETRAY TO ITS RIVALS THE DATE OF ITS BIRTH.

Embroidered Elegances and the Puritan Mode.

Though the lines of the frock may be simple, embroideries are much more to the fore than they were earlier in the year. Bold designs of a Russian character

and colouring are discovered on wide "Beefeater" sleeves, and even on the fashionable "pouch" of the back. In the daytime it is a riot of many-coloured

demure) finished with a little Puritan fichu and tablier of silver lace, and even of muslin, exquisitely embroidered and pleated, so that it seems as delicate as cobweb.

Velvet Then and Now.

There is nothing more deceptive to the uninitiated than the present vogue for velvet. We are apt to say: "Velvet is in fashion again, and frocks are still short; our last year's ones will do!" But it is not so much the silhouette as the material which distinguishes the new from the old. There are velvets and velvets. To-day there is "velvet-georgette" for the new evening frocks, a surprisingly light variety backed with georgette; "velvet-velour," specially warm, for the coats; and "chiffon-panne-velvet," for evening dresses, so supple and soft that it drapes to perfection and with a fascinating sheen on the surface which is indescribable. These are far removed from the old familiar velvet which was exceedingly heavy, and addicted to the annoying habit of showing every mark and crease, drawbacks which these new descendants are happily without. For those of us who have of necessity to be less ambitious in our wardrobes, fashion has evolved a chiffon velveteen which is also wonderfully soft and supple, and is, naturally, considerably less expensive. Even hats, from berets to floppy "brigands" and sailors, are made of this new fabric, for it does not mark easily, and will withstand quite hard wear.

Hats of Velvet and Velours.

The autumn hats are more interesting than usual this year, for the designs and materials are infinitely varied. Velvet is a favourite mode for the more formal functions, and felt and velour are strong rivals for those small, comfortable affairs which are indispensable to town and country wardrobes alike. Pictured on this page are two of the season's newest models, sketched at Gorring's, in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Wine-red velvet expresses the high-crowned hat on the left, and coffee-coloured, embroidered georgette the hat and scarf on the right. There are many other fascinating little hats of velvet, their high crowns sometimes "honeycombed" or made of crushed velvet, which looks almost like chenille. Wine-reds and caterpillar green seem to be the predominating colours. For more ordinary occasions there are velours in every hue, available for 17s. 9d., and a becoming felt with a beret crown and mushroom brim trimmed with petersham ribbon in two shades is the "Rutford," costing only 23s. 9d.

Furs at Inexpensive Prices.

A coat which every woman will want to possess is pictured on this page, and it is good news indeed that it is to be found at the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and is consequently pleasantly accessible in price. It is made of marmot collared with skunk, and costs

Distinctive hats for the early autumn from Gorring's, Buckingham Palace Road, E.C. The high-crowned toque is expressed in wine-red velvet, trimmed at one side with a neat little buckle, and the other in coffee-coloured embroidered georgette, with a scarf to match.



Perfectly healthy and happy is this small family, who are brought up in "Chilprufe" frocks and underwear which keep them beautifully warm without hampering their movements, and are surprisingly light in weight.

25 guineas. There are long coats, cut on the new tailored lines, of electric seal coney, trimmed with chinchilla coney, available for 21 guineas; and of moleskin hemmed with grey hare for 22 guineas; while models of beaver coney range from 12 guineas. A distinctive sports coat is made of hair seal kid trimmed with snow leopard, and is available for 25 guineas, fully 39 in. long. As for stoles, foxes are as fashionable as ever, and the silver-pointed variety as well as the "red" and "brown," can be obtained for 6½ guineas the stole, while single skin choker ties are 5½ guineas.

"Chilprufe" for Children.

At this time of year the constant changes in the weather bring many ills in their train for little people who are not shielded by adequate clothing. A splendid protection for children of all ages are the well-known "Chilprufe" frocks and underwear, which are of pure wool, that gives just the right warmth always, and yet does not overburden the wearer. Its extreme softness and lightness of texture make it exceedingly pleasant to wear, and every "Chilprufe" garment is completed with a secret finishing process which gives a permanent silkiness and adds to the long, useful life it enjoys. There are "Chilprufe" garments for babies, schoolchildren, and "grown-ups," obtainable at all the leading outfitters in both summer and winter weight.



'Beautifully marked marmot, collared with skunk, is this distinctive coat from the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., whose salons are on the first floor.

silks, and at night of sequins, crystals, and pearls, which cling more to the colour of the frock they adorn. The all-sequin frock is undoubtedly striking, but many predict that on this very account its vogue will be short-lived. Rather, their multitudes have been scattered into embroideries on frocks of chiffon and georgette, but in amusing little boleros and sleeveless waistcoats they are still used *en masse*. A mode which seems to have taken a definite stand in the new fashions, however, is the *robe de style*, which is undoubtedly charming for a débutante's ball-room frock. The extreme models, which are very smart indeed, have astonishingly full skirts, reaching to the ankles, while the more modified version has panniered sides. Taffeta is the unfailing material chosen, sometimes hemmed with velvet or with insertions of net, decorated with embroidered posies of flowers, or (and these are bewitchingly



FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



*The Eighteenth Green
and Club House*

ST. ANDREWS—THE GOLFERS' MECCA

There is an expanse of undulating turf, bordered by the shining waters of the Eden Estuary and framed by distant hills, where every true Golfer has been at heart if not in person.

Who has not in deep interest or sheer envy followed in spirit the game of those redoubtable champions playing a fine second over the meandering Swilcan Burn or that venturesome carry across the Stationmaster's Garden?

It was at St. Andrews that the rules of Golf (many of them still in force to-day) were first drafted in 1754 by "twenty-two noblemen and gentlemen, being admirers of the healthfull exercise of the golf." For three centuries prior to this the Town Kirk had seen the contests of monarch and student, artisan and noble, despite the 15th century ordinances which decried "Golfe" as interfering with archery. It is even recorded that James IV. of Scotland broke his own laws, and there is evidence for this in his Treasurer's accounts for "clubbis and ballis which he playit with. IX. sh." Golf was evidently not inexpensive even in those days, when the relative value of nine shillings is considered.

In 1834, with the approval and under the patronage of William IV., the club was styled the Royal and Ancient. King William himself may be regarded as the first Captain of the Club, and following in his train men of the highest distinction have served as Captain for the year, including the present Prince of Wales, who has given the usual gold coin to the caddy recovering his ball when driving himself in from the first tee as Captain. To-day, the Royal and Ancient Club legislates on all points of law connected with the game of Golf. So remember—if your Committee agrees with your opponent you may still have a Court of Appeal in St. Andrews.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A MUSICAL psychologist would find that a study of the Promenade audiences at the Queen's Hall would be fruitful in its results. One of the first subjects of investigation would be certainly that of applause. Why does an audience applaud? This interesting question has been treated by various writers, and in a recent book entitled "The Borderland of Music and Psychology" the author states that in his opinion some substitute for the ordinary form of applause should be made. The present method of hand-clapping is extremely crude. It allows of no other expression than mere approbation, and this approbation—as the author of that now forgotten masterpiece, "The Young Visitors," would have put it—is often very "mere." There is no method of expressing disapproval, mere refraining from applause being the ordinary habit of music critics—and, indeed, of many other sophisticated persons. This, perhaps, is just as well, for audible disapproval would be very disconcerting to the performers and to that part of the audience which disagreed with it, although it is certainly also irritating to have to listen to applause in which one does not sentimentally share. Mr. Howes suggests an elaborate system of flags—

"Every seat would have to be fitted with a set of differently coloured flags. The listener could then express his opinion on the merits of a new work by waving in his right hand a white or a black flag, while he could mete out a nicely graded appreciation of the performer's effort by brandishing in his left hand one of a half-dozen pennons graded from red (poor) to violet (superb) through the colours of the solar spectrum."

I am violently in favour of the establishment of this system, although I have no illusions as to its

likelihood of ever becoming established. I am for it because it would make concert-going so intensely exciting. One of the flaws in the music-lover's enjoyment of concerts is the enforced passivity of his personality. It is neither natural nor beneficial to sit passively still in a completely receptive state for hours and hours. One of the soundest tenets in modern psychology is the rule that emotion should find expression in con-

pression are the more enjoyment there is to be obtained from them and the more exact is their value; and if one had at one's disposal such a range of expression as Mr. Howes's flag system would ensure, it would make concert-going an active as well as a passive pleasure. Think of the joy of using the white flag upon some excruciatingly bad performer. To raise the white flag would be the equivalent of crying

"Mercy! Mercy! I can bear this no longer!" The pianist or vocalist would rapidly glance round the hall, and if there was only one white flag in sight, he could conveniently ignore it; but if white flags began to show in quantities there would be nothing for it but to beat a hasty retreat. It is sad indeed to think that one will never enjoy this pleasure, or the other subtler forms of discriminating nicely between the various shades of red, yellow, or orange which one would select for display at the conclusion of a sonata or a song. One very good result would follow from this method of applauding, and that would be the improvement in the audience's powers of critical judgment. To attempt to use an elaborate flag system of distinctive judgments would exercise the average listener's understanding considerably. A large proportion of our present concert audiences would be incapable of anything finer than a mere wholesale approval or condemnation. But, as it would be soon considered a sign of stupidity to use only the black and white flags, people would have to make a great effort and would get into the habit of listening much more intently than they do at present.

But it is useless to speculate on these possibilities, for they belong to the region of romance

and will never become everyday realities—at least, not in our time. The whole scheme is too elaborate and too expensive. Nobody is going to take the trouble to equip a concert-hall with these facilities when the

[Continued overleaf.]

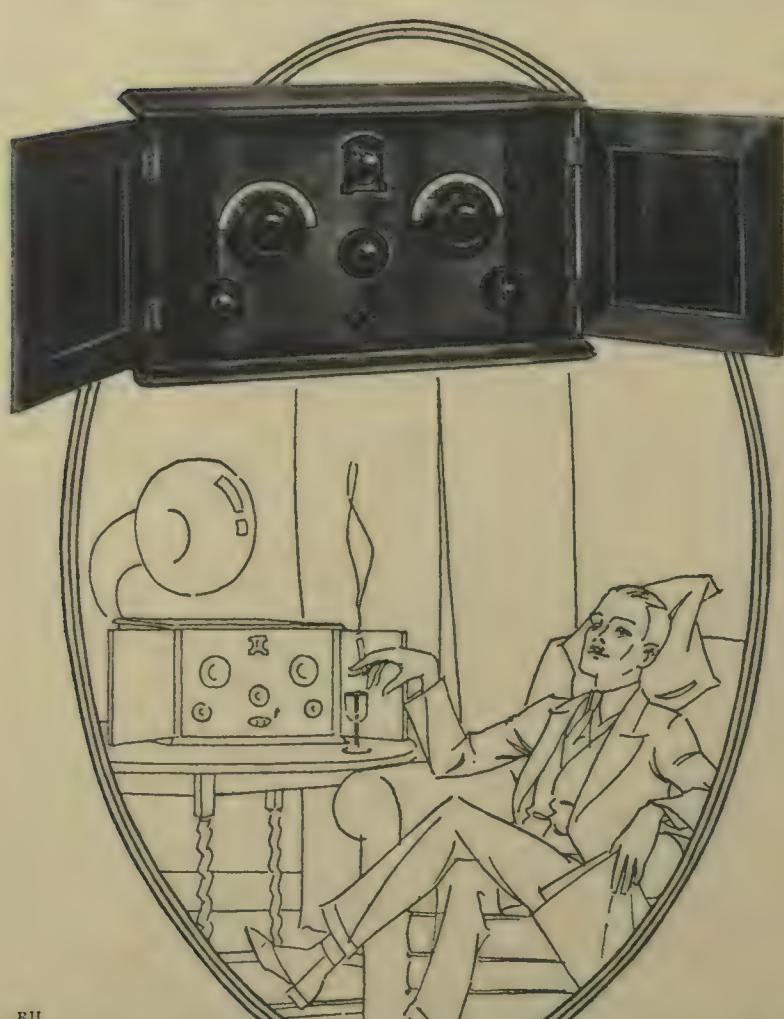
TWICKENHAM CELEBRATES ITS CHARTER: THE PUBLIC MEETING OUTSIDE YORK HOUSE, THE HISTORIC MANSION THAT IS THE NEW BOROUGH'S TOWN HALL.

Twickenham has been promoted from an Urban District to a Municipal Borough, and the receipt of its Charter of Incorporation was celebrated on September 22 with great civic enthusiasm. The Mayor, Dr. J. R. Leeson, was welcomed at Richmond Bridge on his return from the Home Office with the Charter, and headed a procession of motor-cars. A public meeting was held on the lawn at the back of York House, now the Town Hall, where the Charter was read by the Town Clerk and blessed by the Bishop of Willesden. At a public luncheon in the grounds, the Home Secretary, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, who is the Member for Twickenham, proposed the toast of the new borough, and recalled its association with the literary history of England.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

duct, because absolute repression is impossible, and therefore the expression should as far as possible be a guided and conscious one.

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Continued.] only result of doing so would be to make life more difficult for everybody—artist, audience, impresario, and music critics. We want to take our pleasures more easily than this, for it is obvious that such a

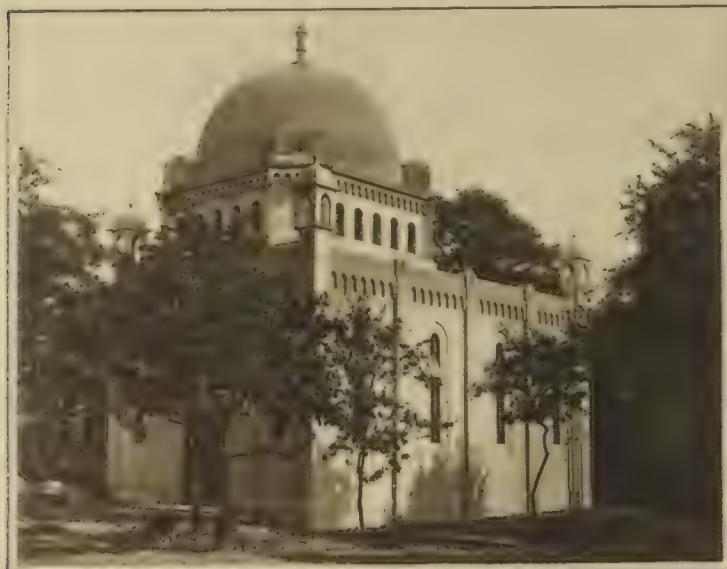
of a movement because, they say, it enables one to settle down more comfortably and open-mindedly to the enjoyment of the next movement. There is something to be said for this point of view. If we allow applause between the acts of an opera, why not allow applause between the movements of a symphony? Actually the cases are not quite comparable, because these are matters to be settled by experience, and not dogmatically by theory. It would be impossible, owing to the length of time taken by an operatic performance, to expect the audience to sit still and wait until the curtain rose upon the next act, and only finally to move when the last curtain fell. But if they may move from their seats, why should they not applaud? The one is no more disturbing than the other. In the case of a symphony or a sonata it is different. It is quite possible for anyone in ordinary health to sit through a whole sonata or symphony—even

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—with-out getting up from his seat. Therefore, it is not necessary to allow applause. On the other hand, it is very desirable that conductors and performers should not keep the audience waiting a long time between the movements, but should go on with the next movement with the least possible delay. This should be done not only to prevent the audience from getting restless or from feeling constrained, but also to secure the effect of the contrast between the movements as planned by the composer. In many cases there is a definite effect aimed at by the musician

which is lost when the atmosphere and mood created by a first movement is allowed to become dissipated, and the contrast originally intended is thus spoilt.

The Italians and French are much less disciplined in these matters than the average English audience. There also persists on the Continent that hideous invention, the *claque*. I know of nothing more irritating to any music-lover than the automatic outburst of the *claque* at the conclusion, and often even, before the conclusion, of an operatic aria. Such applause does the singer no possible good, and the frequent contrast between the vociferousness of the *claque* and the silence or tepid applause of the rest of the house must be, one would think, extremely disconcerting to the singer. But even abroad the *claque* is dying. It has become a joke.

W. J. TURNER.



THE FIRST MOSQUE BUILT IN LONDON, TO BE OPENED BY THE GOVERNOR OF MECCA: THE NEW MOHAMMEDAN PLACE OF WORSHIP AT SOUTHFIELDS.—[Photograph by P. and A.]

system, if used, would make concert-going a first-class intellectual strain. We can't all be highly trained critics of music in addition to our other qualifications as professional or business men; and even women, who form the greater part of the audiences, have sufficient claims upon their energies to allow little margin for a really intensive cultivation of the musical intelligence.

The problem of applause is and will remain unsolved. Sir Henry Wood has trained the Promenade audiences not to applaud between the movements of a symphony. Some very sensitive people disapprove of this, because they become conscious of a sense of constraint which interferes with their attention to the music. They feel similarly about sonatas, either at concert halls or in private houses, where they would have the audience break in with applause at the end



THE GOVERNOR OF MECCA GARLANDED ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON: EMIR FEISAL (SECOND FROM LEFT), SON OF KING IBN SAUD, GREETED BY MOSLEMS AT PADDINGTON.

There was a picturesque scene at Paddington Station on September 23, when Emir Feisal, second son of Ibn Saud, the Wahabi King of the Hejaz, and himself Governor of Mecca, arrived on a visit to this country. He was in Arabian dress, and wore a garland of flowers, as did other members of the party. The Emir is expected to open the new Mohammedan Mosque at Southfields, the first built in London, on October 3.

He recently visited Egypt.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

History

Not only the scholar is attracted by Egypt's wonderful past. Its monuments are so impressive, the scenery so strangely beautiful, its native life so simple and almost unchanged through the centuries, that the ordinary winter visitor finds more varied pleasure in a stay in Egypt than the scholar whose main interest is in the past alone. That is the charm of

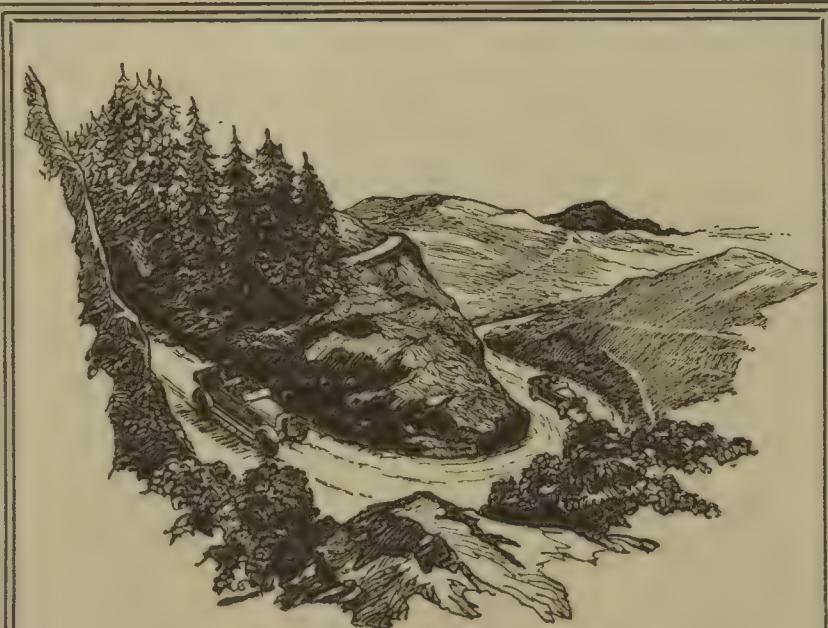
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

SUB-TITLES.

NOW that the art of cinematography has climbed to high levels of perfection, and that young recruits are gradually swelling the ranks of producers whose artistic aims, if not always achieved, are at any rate ambitious, it is time that an important part of screen-literature should be submitted to a sterner scrutiny than has hitherto been the case. Although the name of the writer responsible for the text—alternatively referred to as "sub-title" or "caption," but actually the text of the picture—is nearly always included in the long list of collaborators that precedes the showing of a film, he generally reaps as little serious criticism as, let us say, the property man, and certainly less than the costumier. Praise there has been—for particularly humorous or "snappy" efforts—censure but rarely. Now and then a conscientious critic levels a few words of gentle reproach against a particularly flagrant "howler," but I feel that the space and consideration devoted to the text of an average production are disproportionately small compared to the amount of footage swallowed up by that same text on the screen. Why should the pictorial portion of a screen receive all the benefits of critical guidance, whilst the text, scarcely second in significance, is allowed to gambol about as it likes? Why should we suffer split infinitives in silence, and stumble resignedly through swamps of verbiage?

Speaking generally, film-makers give us far too much text and show far too little faith in the imagination of the public. I cannot, for instance, see why we should be called upon to wade through the commonplaces of the penny novelette when the hero's perfect profile approaches the heroine's downcast cheek, whilst her fluttering eyelashes signify confusion. His eyes, half-closed lest passion scald her shell-like ear, indicate clearly enough the subject-matter of his conversation. His lips are obviously murmuring the stereotyped love-phrases: "I love you—you are my life—my all—I would willingly die for you!" Does it help to create the illusion of reality that these words, intrinsically beautiful and undoubtedly meant for privacy, are blatantly thrown upon the screen? The average film repeats hundreds of situations, seen from a slightly different angle, hundreds and thousands of times until the most unimaginative onlooker must be able to guess that the rich father is saying to his profligate but handsome son: "Get out—I'll cut you

off with a shilling," or that the hero is informing the villain in highly coloured and generally ungrammatical language that his time has come to pay the penalty of vice. Yet the cases where the text has been cut down to the absolutely essential can be counted on one's fingers, and in spite of the success achieved by these "single spies" of reticence, the battalions that should have followed seem as remote as ever. One or two German films, one or two Russian; more important, because more accessible to the general public, Charles Chaplin's masterly "Woman of Paris"—these are the few examples of artistic restraint in the matter of subtitles that come to mind.

This matter of text is one of the chief weapons in the armoury of those who deny that the kinema has a life or an art of its own. Their favourite accusation is that no film can convey its meaning without explanatory matter. Undoubtedly, the path of the ideal film leads to the entire suppression of text. The better the film the less explanation it needs. That is an undeniable fact where films of a serious nature are concerned, though the extravaganzas of a Harold Lloyd, for instance, often gain an added fillip from their sub-titles. And since we have to reckon not only with the ideal film, but also with the popular output of the studios—crook-drama, melodrama, romances—it would be idle to deny the necessity of some textual matter. But let it be brief and let it be apt—above all, let it be correct in grammar as in spelling.

The American humourist is generally happily inspired. He has a whimsical twist to his phrases, a felicity of idiom which are as entertaining on the screen as in most of the plays he sends us. But a censor of grammar and spelling should certainly be attached to every Hollywood studio, and I would suggest that he rub up his knowledge of Early English into the bargain, for I have read many sub-titles of so-called "period plays" in which the "thees" and "thous" got themselves hopelessly tied up. It would also help the atmosphere of such stories as are laid in England if the responsible parties would remember that we speak English, not American. It is a trifle disturbing to find people, supposedly English and ostensibly cultured, saying "wanna" instead of "want to," and "gonna" instead of "going to." We have our slang, smart and otherwise, but that is not its form.

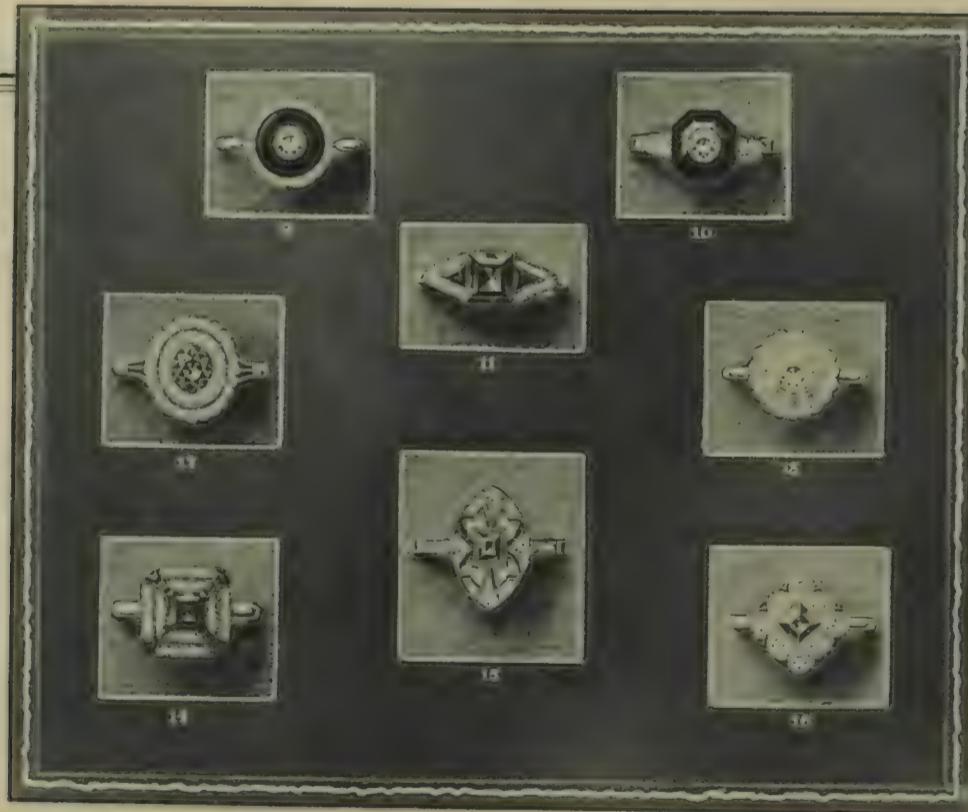
Such a censor should be thoroughly conversant with several foreign languages, and thus equipped he would be extremely useful to our own studios too. In a recent English production in which the action took

place in Paris and all the characters were French, a charming lady addressed her cavalier, the Marquis, as "Mon cherie." This is not quite so bad as "Mon cher Duque" (Duc !) of an American film, but it was not the only slip, and the perpetrator is a writer who should know better. In any case, dictionaries are about the cheapest item a film-producer might insist on.

Yet another branch of this profession needs drastic revision. The translation into English of foreign subtitles should not present great difficulties, yet it is a fact that in nine cases out of ten the text attached to foreign films, especially French, is voluminous and often stilted. I have noticed that the average French film is extremely garrulous. A great many films that I saw in France were supplied with an amazing amount of written matter. Possibly the French are as rapid in their perusal of text as they are nimble of tongue; but, in addition to this presumed celerity, the French producer appears to devote less time to his pictures in order to gain more for the text, with rather disconcerting results. This is a matter that could and should be rectified to some extent when the film in question comes to other countries. More than half the written matter should be mercilessly scrapped, and the remaining fragments gathered into terse and nervous English, instead of the stilted jargon we are usually vouchsafed.

A short while ago a couple of corsair melodramas were shown at the Rialto. They were based on the life of Surcouf, a famous French corsair, whose prowess looms large in the annals of St. Malo. Charming glimpses of this picturesque old town, with its hills and harbours and all-pervading sense of the sea, lifted the earlier chapters of Surcouf's highly coloured history out of the ordinary, and one would have gladly lingered in these pleasant places. Alas! they flashed by, yielding their tenancy of the screen to lengthy argument. Whether it would be possible to moderate the speed of showing is a technical point that I am not qualified to answer, but if the French producer cannot be induced to curtail the volubility of his sub-titles, let the English translator wield the blue pencil for him, as a first step in the right direction.

It is no longer sufficient to welcome the well-worded, economical sub-titles of such films as "A Woman of Paris," or to applaud the temerity of a German film in discarding explanatory matter altogether. The moment has come to turn our attention to the text on the screen, to criticise it and to urge it along, in the wake of the pictures themselves, towards those pinnacles of restraint, vitality, and imagination which form the ultimate goal of the good producer.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.



THE new 16-45-h.p. six-cylinder Wolseley, which has just made its appearance on the market, afforded me one of the most interesting trials I have carried out this year. This car intrigued me not



OUTSIDE THE WELL-KNOWN CRANLEIGH SCHOOL, IN SURREY: AN 18-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER CROSSLEY TOURING CAR.

only because it is an entirely new model, but because it is of an entirely different type from those hitherto turned out by the firm. Outwardly, it bears a close resemblance to two or three of the better-known foreign cars with six-cylinder engines of two-litres

to be any number of cars like the Wolseley, and sold at somewhere near the same price, the position of the other two types of cars is likely to be threatened.

The main details of this interesting and very attractive car are as follows: The bore and stroke of the engine is 65-by-101 mm., the valves being operated, as I said, by an overhead camshaft, which is driven by skew-gear. The casting is unusually neat, and is finished off in a proper engineering manner. A well-designed inlet manifold, which is overhung by the exhaust manifold (thus ensuring an efficient hot-spot), is set on the near side of the engine. The carburettor, which is an S.U., is perfectly accessible, as are the magneto and other components which require attention. The crank-shaft, which is machined all over and truly balanced, is carried in no fewer than seven bearings. The cylinder-head is very easily detachable for decarbonisation purposes. An excellent detail is the mounting of the crank-case supports with rubber buffers.

The four-speed gear-box, which is centrally controlled, is geared as follows on the saloon chassis: top, 5 to 1; third, $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; second, $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; and first, 19 to 1. I consider these ratios to be particularly happy, the third especially being a very useful gear. The pinions are run with very little noise at any speed. The remainder of the transmission, by open propeller shaft and two disc joints, with a ball-centring device, is of a straightforward and practical type. The suspension is by half-elliptic fore and aft, assisted by snubbers. The clutch is of the single-plate variety, and, if I can use such an expression in connection with it, is extremely sensitive. It takes up the drive remarkably quickly, but without a hint of violence.

The general turn-out of the dash-board and controls is just of the kind I like. There is nothing cheap about anything; everything is, and looks to be, of the best quality, and yet everything manages to avoid looking rich—by which, I mean, of course, vulgar rich. The dash-board and its instruments, the steering-wheel and its controls, are as satisfying to the eye and must be as gratifying to the possessor as any I have seen yet. A detail, if you like, but a remarkably pleasant one, and, to my mind, always significant. It argues well for the design

and construction of the rest of the car.

The car I took out on trial was the saloon, and although to my mind it was not yet properly run in, its performance on hills and on the level was strikingly good. Not only was the engine lively to an unusual degree, picking up very smartly and accelerating in a thoroughly businesslike manner, but it did these things, and others, with as little fuss as I have ever known them done. At anything up to thirty-five miles an hour, any noise the engine may make is not loud enough to be heard above that curious

whine the modern tyres make. Once out in the open country, I began to suspect the engine gear of having too loud a voice, but it was not long before it was proved to me that the tyres were at the bottom of it. You can drive this engine as hard as you like up to the limit of its speed, without coming across any periodic vibration important enough to be noticed. A period is the first thing I listen and feel for in every car I drive, but I completely failed to find one in the Wolseley. Thus, when you are keeping the speed indicator needle at 55, or even 60, or when you are overtaking traffic at high engine speed on that excellent third, or climbing a big hill on second, you have constantly to be looking away from the speed indicator dial to the hedgerows and trees to realise



A 14-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY MARK II. FOUR-CYLINDER "SANDOWN" SPECIAL TOURER: A CAR OF QUALITY.

that the former is not lying—or at any rate much. This is certainly one of the smoothest running cars I have ever driven.

Changing speed is as easy as one can expect it to be. You can go through the box either up or down, with satisfying briskness, and keep your passengers in the dark about it. It is certainly one of the best modern gear-boxes I have had to do with. The four-wheel brake set passed my test practically without loss of marks. I should prefer the hand-applied set to be a little more powerful, but it may be that this particular one needed adjustment. The lever, which is on the right-hand side, is set at a particularly useful angle. The springing is adequate, and more efficient on the front axle than on the rear. It strikes me as a car which would run better with a full load over the back axle. The steering, though steady and confidence-inspiring, is the least satisfactory feature of the car, to my taste. There is nothing really the matter with it at all, but I should prefer it to be lighter.

Wolseleys have always been known for the excellence of their coachwork, and this new saloon certainly maintains this reputation. It is a really high-class carriage, and the whole thing at £495 looks as if it were going to prove a notable achievement for the British industry.



WOMAN AT THE WHEEL IN LEAFY DEVON: A 15.9-H.P. HOTCHKISS WEYMANN SALOON ON THE ROAD NEAR HONITON.

capacity. The design of engine and chassis are simple and straightforward, and, although it has some characteristics of its own, as all good cars should have, the engine has that neatness and cleanliness of finish which one generally associates with cars of very much higher price.

Apart from its performance, I suppose the principal point of interest about this new Wolseley is its extreme up-to-dateness. I do not refer to any feature of the design, such as the overhead camshaft and matters of that kind, but to the fact that it has made its appearance at the exact moment when real proof was forthcoming of a pretty wide demand for a low-priced family car of about two-litres capacity with six cylinders and four speeds. Whether it is true that in a year or so this type of machine will prove a serious rival to, or even supersede, the present favourite 11.9 and 13.9 types, is a matter upon which it would be very rash to prophesy; but it must be admitted at once that if there is going



THE SHAH'S NEW CAR: A ROLLS-ROYCE RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO H.M. REZA SHAH PAHLI OF PERSIA.

The Shah's new Rolls-Royce has a Hooper body, and is finished in dark royal blue, with a large gold crest on the door panels. It is fitted with Triplex glass and lined throughout with brown cloth.



“You know that British goods are the best”

“You are quite right, Madam,” says the Garage Manager. “Your make of car is noted for ease of starting and consistent running. But is it fair to expect it to do all that the makers claim if you use inferior fuel? You chose a British car because you knew that British goods are the best in the world. Choose your petrol as wisely. Try ‘BP.’ It is 100% British. You will find your car will live up to its reputation on ‘BP.’ And, besides, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are using the product of a Company that gives employment to 20,000 British workers.”

“BP”

The British Petrol

When motoring in France ask for “BP” Essence Energic,” in Belgium for “BP” Motor Spirit,” and you can rely upon obtaining “BP” quality.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

E PINKNEY (Driffield).—Please accept our apology. The omission was quite accidental, and we have given you due credit for No. 3983 in this week's list.

H E McFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo.).—We can only feebly express our obligations here, but we will endeavour to give them fuller expression later on.

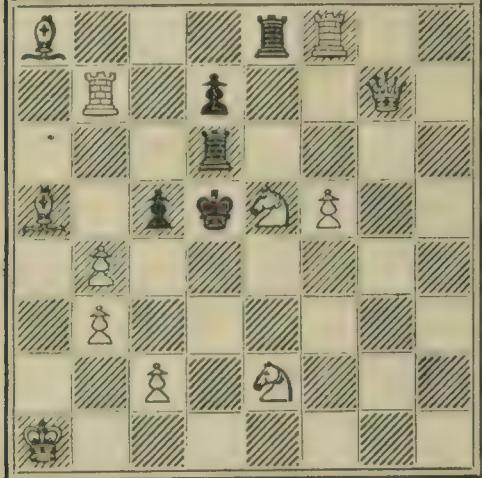
C H WATSON (Masham).—You were in a goodly company of "nodding Homers" over that particular case of "sheer carelessness."

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—It is difficult for our gratitude to keep pace with your benevolence. The latest budget is a charming one.

J W SMEDLEY (Oldham).—Although the capture of a Pawn on White's first move is an admissible operation, it is useless in the solution where you have adopted it, because it fails to take account of Black's defence of 1. — K to Q 4th.

PROBLEM NO. 3988.—BY E. G. B. BARLOW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3983 received from E Pinkney (Driffield); of No. 3984 from H E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and S A Hawarden (Benoni, South Africa); of No. 3985 from H E McFarland (St. Louis), V G Walrond (Haslingden), J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), and John Hanan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 3986 from W H Terry (Willesden Green), E Pinkney (Driffield), J M K Lupton (Richmond), J R Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frieth), V G Walrond (Haslingden), and J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park); and of No. 3987 from H W Satow (Bangor), L W Cafferata (Farnborough), J Hunter (Leicester), R B N (Tewkesbury), W Kirkman (Hereford), S Caldwell (Hove), C H Watson (Masham), J T Bridge (Colchester), J M K Lupton (Richmond), C B S (Canterbury), J Barry Brown (Naas), J R Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frieth), J P S (Cricklewood), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), J W Smedley (Oldham), Rev. A M Coode (Cirencester), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3986.—BY L. W. CAFFERATA.

WHITE

1. B to R 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 5th (dbl ch)
3. P to B 4th mate.

BLACK

- K to K 3rd
- K to Q 4th

If Black play 1. — K to Q 4th, 2. Kt to Q 2nd (dis ch) and B or P mates; if 1. — K to K 5th, 2. Kt to Q 2nd (ch) and P mates; if 1. — P to Q 4th, 2. B to B 4th (ch) and Kt mates; and if 1. — B moves, 2. Kt to Q 2nd and P mates.

The interest is centred in catching the Black King while giving him an apparently wide field of liberty. This feature of the problem is cleverly carried into effect, and, although the key is not, perhaps, difficult to discover, many correspondents have expressed their pleasure in tracing the different paths by which mate is arrived at.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played at Edinburgh in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation, between Messrs. G. S. A. WHEATCROFT and C. B. HEATH.

(Queen's Gambit Accepted.)

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. H.)

1. P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K 4th
4. Kt takes P B to Kt 5th (ch)
5. Kt to B 3rd P to Q Kt 4th
6. P to Q R 4th P to K B 3rd

This experimental defence is too crude for tourney play. It opens avenues of attack in every direction.

7. Kt to B 3rd P to B 3rd
8. P to K Kt 3rd P to Kt 2nd
9. B to Kt 2nd P to Q R 3rd
10. Castles Kt to K 2nd
11. P to K 4th Castles
12. P to K 5th Q Kt to Q 2nd
13. P takes K B P Kt takes P
14. Kt to Kt 5th R to K sq
15. P takes P P takes P
16. B to R 3rd

A brilliant conception which attracted the critical attention of all the experts on the spot. The object is to forestall Black's defence of B to B sq, but it is open to question whether the cost was not too high.

16. R takes R
17. B to K 6th (ch) K to B sq
18. Q to B 3rd

It is a piece of pure ill-luck that White is now denied the opportunity of a magnificent ending, for if 18. Kt takes P (ch) Kt takes Kt; 19. Q to B 3rd (ch) Kt to B 3rd; 20. Q takes Kt (ch) P takes Q; 21. R to 6th, mate.

There is a reasonable prospect at last of a match for the world's championship of chess, the possession of which at present is so hedged about with pecuniary entanglements that, once the position has been gained, the holder seems assured of its tenure for life. The Argentine Chess Club, however, propose to sweep all financial difficulties out of the way by a gift of 10,000 dollars and payment of all expenses for the acceptance by Capablanca of Alekhine's challenge for the title. It is confidently hoped that this generous offer will lead to satisfactory arrangements being made for a meeting between the two masters at Buenos Aires at an early date in the coming year.

It is proposed to hold a telegraphic match between teams of the British House of Commons and of the Australian Parliament on the

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. H.)

This is baffled, however, by Black sacrificing his Kt first, by 19. — Kt to B 4th.

18. — Kt to Q 4th
19. Q Kt to K 4th B to B sq
20. Kt takes P (ch) K to K 2nd
21. B takes Kt Q takes B
22. Kt (R 7th) P takes Kt takes Kt
23. Q takes P (ch) K to Q 2nd
24. Q to Kt 7th (ch) K to Q sq
25. Kt to B 6th R takes B
26. R takes K

White is not to be trapped by Black's skilful defence. If, now, 26. Kt takes Q, R takes R (ch), 27. K takes R, B to R 6th (ch), and mates next move.

26. — Q to B 6th
27. Kt takes R B to K R 6th

Overlooking, in his eagerness to secure a mating position, White's resourceful reply. K takes Kt would have left a very intricate position for both sides, with slight odds in favour of White, on account of his King's Pawns.

28. Q to B 6th (ch) Q takes Q
29. Kt takes Q K to K 2nd
30. Kt to K 4th B to K B 4th
31. P to B 3rd K to K 3rd
32. K to B 2nd B to B sq

And, after a few more moves, Black resigned.

occasion of the opening of Canberra as the legislative capital of the Commonwealth in the month of May next.

The Spa Tournament, in which several of the Continental masters were engaged, resulted in the only English representative, Sir G. Thomas, tying for first place with Herr Samisch, each with a score of 8½ points.

Congratulations are due to the proprietors of the *Evening Standard* on their remarkable enterprise in enlarging the paper from sixteen to twenty-four pages—an increase of 50 per cent. in one jump, which they claim to be a record in daily journalism. This extension has been

accompanied by many new and interesting features, including a page

of illustrations, and a serial story, "Lord Raingo,"

from the pen of Arnold Bennett.

In the first of the enlarged issues Lord Beaverbrook

stated that the venture cost as much as £374,000,

and that it is from the advertiser that the *Evening Standard*

expects the return on this vast expenditure of capital, for the price to the public still remains a penny.

Hitherto, it had been impossible to cope with the flood

of advertisements offered. He went on to express the gratitude which all who write, print, distribute, or read newspapers owe to the advertiser.

Few articles have achieved such instantaneous popularity as the Basque beret. This little cap was originated by the inhabitants of the Franco-Spanish frontier. The genuine beret is made in one piece, and is of navy-blue colour. The original Basque design—which, be it noted, does not include a tassel—forms a head-gear for sportsmen, motorists, and travellers which is at once comfortable and efficient.



FROM TYPIST TO MANAGING DIRECTOR: MRS. A. J. WILSON. Mrs. A. J. Wilson (née Ethel M. Sayer) has just been appointed Managing Director of Messrs. A. J. Wilson and Co., Ltd., Advertisement Contractors and Printers, of Clerkenwell Road. She has completed thirty years' service with that company, successively as typist, private secretary, company secretary, and Director.

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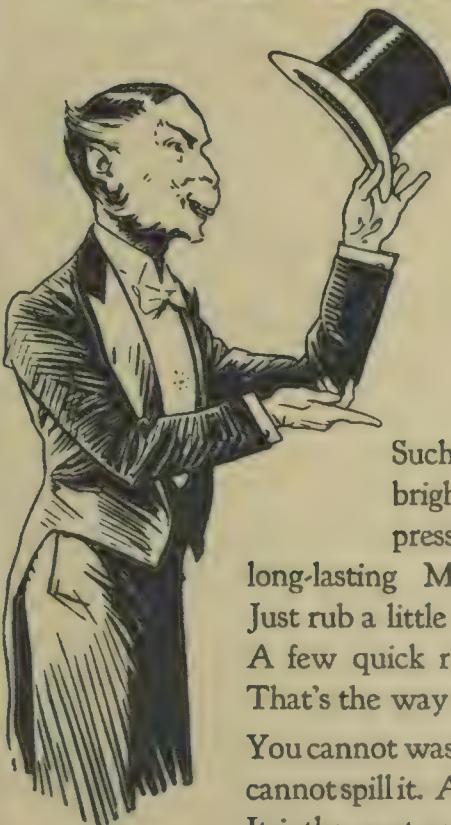
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RADIO NOTES.

IN the designing and building of a modern house, the tendency to-day is to include labour-saving devices, and to these must now be added schemes enabling the new proprietor to install a receiving apparatus with the minimum of trouble and unsightliness. With the more expensive receivers an outdoor aerial is unnecessary, as the sets are entirely self-contained—loud-speakers as well; but as reception may be required in more than one room, it is an advantage to arrange with the builders of a new house to run special wires within the walls to all rooms. Then, after plugging the receiver leads into a wall-socket of the room in which the set is installed, a loud-speaker may be taken to any other room, its leads thrust into the appropriate socket, and reception obtained. With less expensive sets, however, an outside aerial is desirable, in order to obtain strong reception, and is usually necessary in the case of a house situated forty or fifty miles from the nearest broadcasting station. An aerial pole at the far end of the garden need not be too unsightly, provided that a good straight pole is chosen. It should be about forty feet in height, gradually tapering from base to top, and coated white with a good weatherproof paint. When erected, the pole

should be stayed by three galvanised wires until quite vertical.

The house end of the aerial may be supported to an iron bracket fixed to a chimney or other point as high as possible above the house; but it should be borne in mind that the aerial wire itself should not stretch too closely to the point of fixture. An insulator should be fastened to each end of a heavy cord or light rope long enough to extend from the chimney fixture to about six feet beyond the back of the house, i.e., in the direction of the aerial mast. The insulator supporting one end of the cord is then attached to the chimney fixture, and the insulator at the other end of the cord should be fastened to the near end of the aerial wire; but allowance must be made for sufficient of the wire to reach down as a "lead-in" to the receiving set.

It is preferable to have the receiving set in a room nearest to the "lead-in," and not in a room elsewhere in the house, which would necessitate using many yards of wire to reach the set, most probably causing loss of signal strength, and certainly causing a good deal of trouble in running the "lead-in" through rooms, doors and passages. Presuming that it is proposed to use the receiver in a room that faces towards the garden, then a site for the set should be chosen as near as possible to where the "lead-in"

will enter the house. Two "lead-in" tubes of ebonite or porcelain, each enclosing a screwed brass rod, with a terminal at each end, can be obtained from any wireless dealer. One tube is for the aerial "lead-in," and the other for the earth "lead-out." These tubes are fixed through the wall, one above the other, about twelve inches apart, or at a greater distance if convenient and desirable. Thus the aerial and earth wires of the receiving set may be connected to the two terminals of the wall tubes in a very neat manner. The lead-in from the aerial is attached to its proper terminal outside the house, and to the other terminal a wire is run to an adjacent water-pipe, or, failing that, to a copper "earth" pipe which may be driven into the ground just outside the house.

A new three-valve receiver with a switch enabling the user to change over instantaneously from London to Daventry, thus avoiding the trouble of changing coils, has just been introduced by Burndep't, Ltd. The wave-length of the "Ethophone III." is unlimited—an important point in view of the expected alterations in wave-lengths by the respective broadcasting stations. The set is remarkable, not only for excellence of results, but also for its extreme simplicity of operation and selectivity. It is designed for loud-speaker reception without the need of additional amplifiers.



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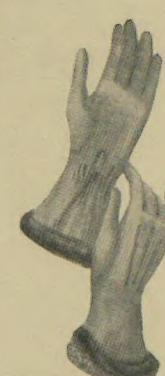
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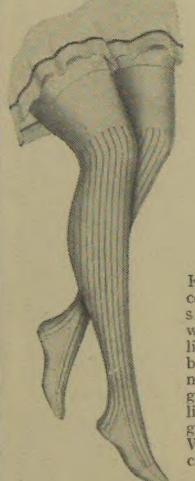


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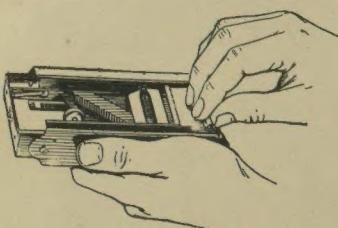
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